

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## THE MAVIS.

When sunny glades 'mid woodland  
shades

Betoken winter past,  
And peeping flowers 'neath birken  
bowers

Foretell the spring at last;  
The mavis then, in wood and glen,  
Breaks forth in sweetest song;  
From throbbing throat his rich, full  
note

Comes piping clear and strong.

On fir-top high, against the sky,  
Now mark his dainty form,  
As by the hour, through breeze and  
shower,

He bravely breasts the storm.  
The while he swings he gaily sings  
His happy roundelay;  
*Good cheer! good cheer! the spring is  
here!*

He almost seems to say.

Dear little friend! may grief ne'er rend  
His bonny speckled breast;  
But may kind fate defend his mate,  
And guard her clay-lined nest;  
Till, by-and-by, the young ones fly  
The summer woods among,  
And safe from harm in turn they'll  
charm  
Another spring with song.

Bright-feathered birds may mimic  
words  
In western forests wild;  
The nightingale in southern vale  
May king of song be styled;  
But, ah! to me, though he may be  
In quiet colors dressed,  
The mavis still for ever will  
Be dearest, sweetest, best.

*Hugh Lawler.*

Chambers's Journal.

## THE RIDE OF PHAETHON.

Beautiful, insolent, fierce,  
For an instant, a whirlwind of radi-  
ance,  
Tossing their manes,  
Rampant over the dazzled universe  
They struggled, while Phaëthon, Phaë-  
thon tugged at the reins.

Then, like a torrent, a tempest of splen-  
dor, a hurricane rapture of wrath  
and derision

Down they galloped, a great white  
thunder of glory, down the ter-  
rible sky

Till earth with her rivers and seas and  
meadows broadened, and filled  
up the field of their vision

And mountains leapt from the plains  
to meet them, and all the forests  
and fields drew nigh.

All the bracken and grass of the moun-  
tains flamed and the valleys of  
corn were wasted,

All the blossoming forests of Africa  
withered and shrivelled beneath  
their flight;

Then, then first, those ambrosial Edens  
of old by the wheels of the Sun  
were blasted,

Leaving a dread Sahara, lonely,  
burnt and blackened to greet the  
night.

For now to the stars, to the stars, they  
surged, and the earth was a  
dwindling gleam thereunder.

Yea, now to the home of the Father  
of gods, and he rose in the wrath  
that none can quell,

Beholding the mortal charioteer, and  
the rolling heavens were rent  
with his thunder,

And Phaëthon, smitten, reeled from  
the chariot! Backward and out  
of it, headlong he fell.

Down, down, down, down from the  
glittering heights of the firma-  
ment hurled

Like a falling star, in a circle of fire,  
down the sheer abyss of doom.

Down to the hiss and the heave of the  
seas far out on the ultimate  
verge of the world,

That leapt with a roar to meet him.  
he fell, and they covered him o'er  
with their glorious gloom,

Covered him deep with their rolling  
gloom,

Their depths of pitiful gloom.

*Alfred Noyes.*

From "The Golden Hynde"

## CAN SCIENCE ABOLISH WAR?

Judged by its results, the most terrible weapon of war ever employed, and also the cheapest, was the sword in the hands of the old Roman infantry; to them the price of victory was always infinitesimal, to their enemy the cost was extermination. Moreover, of all weapons it made the least demand on the spirit of self-sacrifice and endurance of the individual fighter, for no one was called on to face death and annihilation in cold blood without making an effort at self-preservation. The British longbow followed next. Flashless, smokeless and noiseless it carried death to a distance of some four hundred yards, and men had to be trained to stand up to its punishment as a preliminary to the pleasure and excitement of physical conflict. The mental strain must have been even greater than it is nowadays, for you could actually see your death coming at you without room to avoid it, and every man I have met, who in India, China, or elsewhere, has been called on to face visible projectiles, has assured me that it was a far more severe trial of courage than ordinary bullets can be.

Then the chemist interfered and gave us gunpowder, with noise, flash, smoke and recoil, and for two centuries the casualty lists became so confused that it is impossible to say how many fell to bullets or the sword in any particular engagement. By degrees the firearm asserted its supremacy in more definite form, and since the period of the Seven Years' War the casualties directly traceable to the sword, lance or bayonet have become quite negligible. Even in the days of the Peninsula it was hotly debated whether, as a fact, a single unwounded man had ever been killed by a direct thrust from the bayonet, though it was admitted that many

a skull had been broken by the butt end of a musket. Since then the progress of invention has been most rapid, and we have arrived at firearms that are, in round figures, at least fifty times more efficient in man-killing power than those in use in the time of Napoleon. But the casualties on the battlefield continue steadily to decrease. Thus at Marston Moor a man's life was only worth four hours purchase; at Waterloo, on the British side, about three days of eight hours each; at Mars la Tour, 16th August, 1870, breech-loaders being used on both sides, and rifled field artillery, four days of twelve hours; and at Liao-Yong and Mukden, not less than a fortnight. In no single modern instance has a single larger unit met with the same sudden and catastrophic penalty as that which overcame the Imperial Guard at Waterloo at the hands of the old British musket. Yet each fresh invention has been heralded by prophecies that its appalling deadliness must make war so terrible that no ruler would dare to unleash its horrors, and we have seen within the last ten years a proposal gravely discussed by plenipotentiaries of all nations to limit the further application of science to the battlefield with a view to diminishing its slaughter.

The fact is that every improvement in the range and rapidity of fire is immediately counteracted by the reluctance of the men exposed to it to come within its reach. Thus the farther the fear of danger keeps them asunder the greater becomes the consumption of ammunition and time necessary to inflict decisive losses. There have been no battles so short and decisive as those of Marston Moor and Rosbach since the fear of cold steel was practically banished from the battlefield.

On the other hand the longer the contest, made up of a series of more or less prolonged battles, the greater the sufferings of the non-combatant population; and the higher the standard of civilization, the more rapidly do these sufferings begin to tell. Two centuries ago the conquered populations merely changed masters, and in a seven years' cycle the economic consequences of defeat were practically obliterated: the poor remained poor, and the rich soon recovered their position. But since the French Revolution the consequences of defeat have become far more wide-reaching—and even in Russia, that most backward State economically—eighteen months of unsuccessful war have sufficed to bring about a revolution; whilst in France, in 1870, six months proved enough to occasion two catastrophes of a like kind; and the effect of these revolutions is almost continuous, the ruined rarely, if ever, retrieve their losses, and the trade on which their previous fortunes depended moves away and can seldom be attracted back to its original channels. The details of our sufferings, if the fortune of war should ever declare against us, it is impossible to predict; all that is quite certain is that our losses on the battlefield will be quite insignificant in comparison with the numbers that will succumb to famine and disease among the civil population. On the other hand, science has placed at the disposal of the people a power of inhibiting an outbreak of hostilities immeasurably greater than any that it ever possessed before. No Government is strong enough nowadays to force a nation into war against the will of the majority, for the reason that the army being the nation-in-arms, you cannot detail a minority to act as a firing party against the other and greater proportion of its numbers.

The outbreak of war carries with it as its necessary consequence a com-

plete change of trade channels. Wealth is suddenly displaced from businesses remunerative only in peace time, to those called into increased activity by the demand for war material and special provisions of all kinds, and this sudden dislocation invariably brings hardship to the individual in its train. If the war is prolonged, then, as a rule, the trade of the victorious country develops extreme speculative activity; and enormous fortunes are rapidly made, often at the expense of the conquered enemy. The fate of the vanquished is of course precisely the reverse, and though "modern victors no longer sell their prisoners into captivity, or massacre them wholesale in cold blood, yet by the terms of the treaties of peace"<sup>1</sup> they can, if they please, so completely cripple their adversary financially, that his power of competition in the world's markets may be wrecked for ever, and when the object of the war has been to destroy a competition, it would be contrary to common sense to forego this advantage once it has been gained. Whether it is possible to ruin a race of strong vitality and strong individuality as a whole may be open to question; but it seems an unshakable conclusion that by pressure of commercial restrictions brought about by a crushing indemnity, such wholesale emigration of both capital and labor may be occasioned that the race may be driven to shift its centre of gravity to some more favorable location, provided that any such choice is open to it.

Consider, for instance, the consequence of an indemnity of 1000 millions sterling upon Great Britain, superimposed upon the direct and indirect costs of a war amounting to an equal sum, thus raising the National Debt to 2,800 millions. Then imagine a Chancellor of the Exchequer endeavoring to find a revenue to meet both this Debt charge

<sup>1</sup> *Vide Clausewitz on War.*



and his ordinary Budget as well. Direct taxation certainly would not suffice, and the conqueror would take good care that direct taxation was not employed to *his* detriment at any rate. If we consider the exceedingly low average return on investments, the consequence of years of the unrestrained competition prevalent in England at present, the conclusion is inevitable that by far the larger proportion of our businesses would become insolvent, and every capitalist who had survived the war would make all haste to find a more favorable field—probably in Canada or Australia.

But could the working men follow him? Would Canada, Australia and South Africa suffice to absorb not less than five million workmen with their wives and families? Would the Colonial labor leaders welcome such an influx of skilled hands—who of necessity would be the pick of the whole race, since no one would assist the unemployed to cross the ocean. My firm conviction is that if the calamity of defeat ever does overtake us, and we are defeated, the doom of the British Islands is sealed. Deprived of all our movable capital, and our shrewdest brains and hands (for the best will always find a market somewhere), and crushed by overwhelming taxation, the Government of the country will pass into the hands of the lowest type of demagogues, and the whole of our costly civilization, which requires both ability and honesty to maintain it in working order, will disappear. The sanitation and water supply of the great cities will go first, diseases now only sporadic will then become endemic, and the population will be swept away wholesale until it is reduced to the bare limits which the agriculture and primitive fisheries round the coast will support—perhaps ten millions at the most.

The problem is beyond the unaided

power of any one mind to grapple with, but it has been my constant pre-occupation for the past thirty years—ever since in fact I saw famine at close quarters in India; and it is my settled conviction that there is not a Bank, Insurance Office, a Municipality or Railway which could survive the consequences of National Defeat; and what that would mean to all classes of investors, I leave each man to follow up for himself.

But if things look dark for us, they seem to me at least equally black for our possible enemies should *they* go under. We should not, indeed, press so hardly upon them as to threaten the extermination of their trade—for that would be to kill the goose which lays the golden eggs, whereas to the foreigner we appear as but one of the many geese who would soon become more prolific if our share of the brains, honesty and capital (the essential food of successful production) were displaced to richer fields.

These business qualifications, which in England can only earn a bare four per cent. return, would produce from ten to twenty per cent. in newer countries, so that after a temporary depression Europe would be more than recompensed for the loss of our direct transactions. It would simply mean to them the elimination of a somewhat expensive middleman between the producer and consumer. But my contention is that if it ever falls to our lot to fight a group of great Continental States to a finish, the appalling social upheaval which must result, before we could compel them to sue for peace will have already created conditions from which they will not rally for generations. They cannot follow the flag to other countries, and if capital, ability and labor are displaced, it is we, or at any rate our carrying trade ultimately, which must derive whatever advantage there is to be gained. If

we recall the condition to which the pressure of our sea power, facilitated by the action of the Berlin decrees, had brought all Europe at the close of the Napoleonic Wars, and contrast the economic forces at our control to-day, the conclusion is unavoidable. Defeat must entail social and economical annihilation to the vanquished; and one cannot conceive a responsible Ruler, or group of Rulers, accepting such a risk of his, or their, own free will.

Unfortunately for the cause of peace, it is equally impossible to conceive of their possessing any free will in the matter when the moment of decision arrives, for economic causes incessantly at work around us can, even without the assistance of arms, bring equal calamities upon us with far greater certainty though with less rapidity.

Suppose two great nations engaged in international trade competition, in which both instinctively feel themselves to be losing ground—not that this can ever be the case, but because the increased competition cuts wages and profits finer—the pessimists on each side fan the dissatisfaction of both by freely prophesying certain and immediate ruin. That ruin may intervene and be inevitable admits of no doubt; it has happened before, but the process is slow, and time is given for individuals to adapt themselves to the change of circumstances. But the people, through the disturbing lenses of their daily Press, see disaster staring them in the face and reason that things cannot go on as they are. "If we fight," they say, "we may win, but if we don't we shall certainly starve; of two evils let us then choose the one which holds out at least the chance of changing our intolerable lot: let us go to war."

To those of us who have thought this matter over and who realize what the inevitable first consequences of war, whether successful or not in the end,

must undoubtedly be, the necessity for making any such choice may not appear so evident. After all prophecy is not an exact science as yet; all the secrets of science have not been disclosed, and it takes very little to change the current of any trade. The boring of a railway tunnel near Bradford threatens to destroy the supremacy of that town in the finest woollens; the re-discovery of a forgotten city in eastern Bengal threatens the Lancashire monopoly in cottons, and no doubt many other alterations are at hand, some good, some bad, according to the point of view from which they are seen.

The certain violent disruption of all commercial relations, internal and external, which war must bring in its train, seems an unmitigated evil when contrasted with the gradual adjustment of affairs always in progress around us. But the knowledge of what modern war really means is absolutely foreign to all European nations, for never in previous encounters has the network of commercial credit been so intricate or all-embracing as it has become during the last thirty years of peace. As matters now stand in Europe it seems to me as absolutely inevitable that the increased commercial intercourse between nations must lead to a cycle of war—a real struggle for the survival of the fittest—as, but for the existence of law and the police (backed in the last resort by bayonets), breaches of the peace would follow unrestricted business competition between any two ordinary business firms. The more the scientific inventor tinkers with the problem, producing guns which aim at the destruction of combatants only, the wider he opens the flood gates to the tide, for, as above pointed out, these only tend to diminish the losses, and it is quite conceivable that war may soon become little if at all more dangerous than what we now class as the "dangerous trades"; and certainly it will al-

ways remain a more fascinating pursuit in the public estimation.

But suppose the inventor were to abandon this line and concentrate his attention on the wholesale destruction of material, in a manner, and on a scale, to bring home to even the most sluggish imagination the absolute certain consequences of hostilities—how would that alter the situation?

I merely offer the suggestion to be thought over. If, for instance, we were informed on unimpeachable authority that the certain consequence of an outbreak of war between any two great European powers would be the total destruction of all their principal cities, since the projectile weapons of either could sweep the territory of the other from end to end—would that argument suffice to restrain public opinion or would it not? Such a possibility is by no means so remote as it might at first appear, for already there is in existence a weapon, invented by Mr. Simpson (whose name is already well known in connection with his metallurgical researches and discoveries), which can impart, by the application of electricity, an initial velocity of 30,000 feet a second to projectiles of all dimensions which can be practically handled under war conditions, and on board ship, or in permanent defences, 2,000 lbs. weight lies fairly within these limits. What the ultimate range attainable with these initial velocities may prove to be experience only can decide, for we have no practical data to guide us in determining the resistance the projectiles will encounter in their passages through the air. As far as we have gone, *i.e.*, with velocities up to 2,500 feet a second, the resistance increases as the square of the velocity, and if this rule holds good at higher rates, then practically there is nothing to prevent these weapons—one can hardly call them "guns"—from throwing shells from London into Paris, or

*vice versa*, at the rate of a few thousands a day, with consequences to the respective Governments concerned which those who have studied the "Psychology of Crowds" and their response to the stimulus of the sensational Press methods of the day can easily imagine.

Even though the complete realization of this possibility may be yet some years in coming, in the end it is unavoidable, because this new weapon possesses other qualities, *viz.*, absence of recoil, smoke and flash, together with a cheapness of construction which no Government can possibly afford to overlook—and ours least of all, because its adoption would put a stop for generations to the senseless competition in battleship programmes which recent events have forced upon us.

Why this is so it will be interesting to examine. The principal reason why our battleships and warships generally are so expensive to build is the enormous structural strength it is necessary to give to the hulls, to enable them to resist the shock, and concussion, when firing their guns. Since these new weapons have neither recoil nor explosion, no special structural strength is needed for them at all, and hence any vessel that can float becomes potentially a fighting ship. Now should we become involved in a European war, the only thing which can be predicted with certainty is that after the first few weeks, or days, every battleship, indeed every warship, will either be at the bottom of the sea or in dock, and for the time being the sea will be free to all, falling ultimately to the Power which can extemporize fighting ships the most rapidly. The command of the sea, however, is life and death to us; hence, even if we agreed at some future Hague Conference to relinquish the advantages this extraordinary weapon must confer upon us, in the

face of a starving people, the agreement would be torn up and we should recognize the truth expressed by Clausewitz: "In war the use of force is absolute: to limit its application on grounds of philanthropy is to commit an absurdity"—which sums up in few words the whole of the lessons taught to Germany by Napoleon's tyranny.

Now as long as the use of this new weapon is confined to the sea—the question of extreme range is of minor importance—the fifteen miles or thereabouts already attainable suffice amply. But once the pressure of our sea power began to tell, our enemies would of necessity be compelled to seek the utmost extension of its destructive radius as an answer to our threat of starvation. "If you insist upon starving us we will destroy London, and as many other towns as are worth the expenditure of our shells"—and again our reply must be to proceed to the destruction of Paris. The result would then depend on which nation could stand up to the punishment with the least derangement of internal law and order; or rather which Government could trust its people the most implicitly. The answer to this question only the future can give, for though under quite normal conditions the reply may be obvious, a nation in a Great War is like a man in delirium, no one can forecast its actions. No sane body of men would have ventured on the risks lightly assumed by the Revolutionary Government during 1792-3; and history, we may remember, has a tendency to repeat itself.

The new factor, a recoilless gun capable of sending its projectiles through any armor afloat, or which can be made to float, turns the scale of war in our

favor; for no pre-existing conditions of warfare since the days of the longbow have afforded us such opportunities of developing the full fighting power of the individuals of our race. As the battleships settle to the bottom of the sea or crawl back to their docks, the coolness and tenacity of the man behind the gun assumes a higher value, and that this coolness and tenacity remain the leading characteristics of our people, the records of every shipwreck or mine disaster annually demonstrate. On land we may modify and restrain these qualities by ill-considered tactical methods and misunderstood experiences of other nations, but on the sea danger is the same for all, and there is not a merchant seaman of any nationality in the world who does not readily concede to the Anglo Saxon the pride of place.

There remains only to be considered the influence this new weapon will exert on the future of the dirigible balloon and the aeroplane. The problem is too involved to be unravelled here in all its complexity, but this much seems worth saying. Though the new weapon will be far the most formidable danger airships will have to face, airships may prove then to be the necessary complement of the new weapon, since only by their use can the full advantage of its accuracy be developed. Over the land, therefore, the command of the air will have to be fought for. Over the sea, on the other hand, the advantage will rest, at any rate for some years to come, with the airships belonging to the fastest fleet, on condition that the latter has either adequate sea-room, or can choose its own time to attack; more than this it seems impossible to predict at present.

*The Contemporary Review.*

*F. N. Maude.*

## LORD CROMER ON GORDON AND THE GLADSTONE CABINET.

The great book which the great consul has written has already taken its place as one of the original authorities on recent history and politics. It must be studied closely by all who seek to know the truth concerning that unique episode, the British occupation of Egypt, and those who desire to estimate the results fairly. But it must also interest many who care little for the affairs of the Nile regions. For it throws a vivid light on certain phases of our own politics, on the character of some distinguished statesmen, and most of all on the attitude of our party leaders to that curious and misunderstood entity which is known as Public Opinion. On this last fruitful theme no such sermon has been preached in our time as that contained in Lord Cromer's revelations concerning himself, General Gordon, and the Ministry of Mr. Gladstone.

Of Gordon, Lord Cromer only says what many people must have thought. His estimate is unsympathetic, and will strike some readers as ungenerous, though he does ample justice to the heroic constancy of that final stand behind the shattered defences of Khartoum. There was nothing in common between the two men. Lord Cromer, if I may judge from his writings and his public action, is a favorable specimen of that class of Englishmen England always seems able to produce when some definite piece of practical work requires doing. Such men were bred freely during the great expansionist and consolidating period of the nineteenth century, and Asia and Africa are deeply scored with their handiwork: men of high ability, conscientious, clear-sighted, courageous, and inspired by an inexorable sense of duty; on the other hand, self-righteous, some-

what limited in their sympathies, and sternly unimaginative. Lord Cromer's recent incursions into our domestic politics are as characteristic as his admirable record in administration and finance. He can find no excuse for the laborer who, after a lifetime of ill-paid toil, has the temerity to ask society to provide him with a few shillings a week in order that he may be kept from the workhouse. To him this seems sheer demoralization of the public conscience, and ignoble selfishness. One need not be surprised at this attitude. It is part of the mid-Victorian tradition in which Lord Cromer has been nurtured, a great and honorable tradition, though it has almost outlived its usefulness.

To such a man Gordon, with his knight-errantry, his emotional religion and his capricious humor, was not an object of admiration. Lord Cromer is devout, according to the mid-Victorian standard, with that kind of restrained and regulated devotion which is never allowed to interfere with business. To him, Gordon, hero, saint, mystic, who saw God in clouds and heard Him in the wind, and to whom the Bible was a book to be handled like the railway time-table,—to him Gordon was unintelligible and even absurd. He could not understand the point of view of a person "who habitually consults the prophet Isaiah when he is in difficulty." He had no confidence, he said, "in opinions based on mystic feelings." Perhaps his impatience of that intellectual muddle in which the religious enthusiast commonly lives and dies made him undervalue Gordon's genuine practical ability. He would probably have distrusted Oliver Cromwell, and have been profoundly suspicious of John Nicholson. Yet when all is said the

enthusiasts have their uses. Valuable as the Cromers are, the world needs the Gordons too, and could get on better without the former than the latter.

But whatever may be thought of Gordon's character, I do not see how anybody can deny that he was quite the wrong man to send to the Sudan in January 1884. The emergency called for coolness, caution, judgment, and an absolute disinclination to complicate a desperate situation further by facing unnecessary risks; and these were precisely the qualities that Gordon did not possess. He was recklessly adventurous, fanatically brave, extremely pugnacious, as capricious in forming his resolutions as he was precipitate in carrying them into effect, and he had never during his entire career shown the smallest disposition to obey an order which did not happen to suit his mood at the moment. In any situation where everything depended on that infectious self-confidence which is the result of a belief in direct Divine inspiration, Gordon was superb. He could act with the prompt sub-conscious instinct of genius in moments of actual emergency and physical danger; and he had also the power of impressing savages and semi-civilized people with the force of his personality. These great capacities he had shown in China; he was to make a memorable display of them again during the closing months of the siege of Khartoum, when he animated his half-starved mob of townsmen and disorganized Egyptian soldiers to hold out against the Mahdi's hordes. But such an exhibition of heroism was not contemplated nor desired when he was despatched on his mission. Even the Marquis of Hartington and Earl Granville could hardly have expected him to fight eighty thousand fierce spearmen with his walking-stick. It was not soldier's work that was needed; but a piece of

administrative business that could only have succeeded if conducted with consummate dexterity, careful calculation of chances, and the absolute avoidance of all unnecessary friction. It is doubtful whether it could have succeeded at all; with Gordon as the commissioner it was doomed to failure from the outset. Gordon's character, alike in its merits and its defects, unfitted him for the task with which he was entrusted.

And the Government knew it, or should have known it, if they had allowed themselves to think out the project on which they embarked with so little forethought. Mr. Gladstone, Lord Granville, Lord Northbrook, Lord Derby, Lord Kimberley, and the rest of the Ministers were grave and earnest politicians; but they dealt with this question in a spirit of what may well be called frivolity. They had no excuse for ignorance of Gordon's temperament; they could not have been unacquainted with the main factors of the Sudan problem if they had read and considered the weighty State papers which Sir Evelyn Baring had laid before them. If they had chosen to weigh the question seriously they could hardly have failed to reach the conclusion which Lord Cromer had set forth. The alternatives before them were either to re-assert the Khedivial authority by force, or to abandon the Sudan altogether. The former involved sending an army, and would have cost much money; the latter had an unpleasant aspect of weakness, and would have thrown considerable obloquy on those who controlled the affairs of England and Egypt. Either expedient was therefore disagreeable. But Ministers are put into office to do disagreeable things when necessary: especially when these are the consequences of their own acts or omissions to act. The Government should have accepted its responsibility and decided one way or the other. They should have sent an adequate



force to "smash the Mahdi," and rescue the garrisons; or they should have left the Egyptians and Europeans in the Sudan to find their way out as they could. In the event they succeeded in combining the disadvantages of both courses: they broke the eggs without making the omelette. They sent an army; and they did not save the garrisons. They spent an enormous amount of money; and they incurred more than all the censure which would have been passed upon them if they had washed their hands of the business in the beginning.

But how was it that a body of experienced statesmen, whose individual capacity was undeniable, acted with so little wisdom? In part, I think, it was due to the Cabinet system. That system has many admirable features; but it has some weak points, and one of them is the difficulty of coming to a rapid decision on a question of executive action. A Minister is a very busy man, and often an elderly and rather indolent man, not in the best of health. Comfortable gentlemen of sixty or so who endeavor to combine the anxieties of political life with the social amenities of a London season have no spare reserve of energy. They spend a good many hours a day in Parliament, they lunch and they dine, and they strive conscientiously to cope with the work of their offices. Human capacity is limited, especially the capacity of tired amateurs, who have seldom been trained to endurance in early life by the discipline of daily labor. A Minister does his best to make himself an expert in the affairs of his own department, and he keeps an eye on the main items of the legislative programme, knowing that he may be called upon to defend it from his place in the House of Commons or the House of Lords. For the rest he relies on his colleagues, and is prepared to support them in the management of their de-

partments, just as he expects to be backed by them in his.

Thus it is that when a new situation arises, which raises a broad question of policy, the members of a Cabinet are often unprepared to meet it. As long as it seems purely departmental they leave it to the Minister who has it in his charge. When it passes beyond that stage, and involves the fate of their party and the destinies of the nation, they find themselves as a body invited to take decided action upon a subject of which individually they know little. An energetic Secretary of State can push matters far by his own impulse; but the time comes when he has to obtain the concurrence of his associates for a policy on which, it may be, they are hardly better informed than the ordinary newspaper reader. It is, I know, a fact that some leading members of Lord Salisbury's Government had not gone into the South African papers till the end of the summer of 1899, when war with the Boer Republics was already inevitable.

Never was there a more striking illustration of these tendencies than that afforded by the Gladstone Cabinet when dealing with Sudan affairs in the winter of 1883-1884. They had not consulted together over the question, and were quite undecided as to what should be done when the time came for facing in Parliament a vigorous and determined Opposition evidently resolved to use the Egyptian muddle for all it was worth. While they were in this vague mood a London editor, with an unequalled talent for catching the public ear, began to write up the fascinating personality of the engineer officer who was then still known as "Chinese Gordon." Other newspapers echoed the sound, and presently the public became familiarized with the idea of sending Gordon out to cut the Sudan knot. Some of the Ministers, desperately anxious to do something,

and not clearly knowing what, caught at the suggestion.

It was carried out with the strangest levity and haste. It is clear that the Cabinet generally was not consulted on the subject, and that most of its members knew nothing of the decision till it had become irrevocable. No Cabinet council was held till the 22nd of January, by which time Gordon was at Brindisi. Mr. Gladstone was at Hawarden, and did not think it worth while to come up to town to take part in the discussion over the proposed mission. Indeed there was very little discussion. The whole business was left in the hands of a Cabinet conclave, consisting of Lord Hartington, Lord Northbrook, Lord Granville, and Sir Charles Dilke. Gordon, who was at Brussels, was fetched over by telegram. Lord Wolseley took him to the four Ministers at the War Office, and the shortest of colloquies was held. The interview was summarized by Gordon with graphic brevity. Wolseley came out of the conference room and said to him, "Government are determined to evacuate the Sudan, for they will not guarantee the future government. Will you go and do it?" I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'Go in.' I went in and saw them. They said, 'Did Wolseley tell you our orders?' I said, 'Yes.' I said, 'You will not guarantee future government of the Sudan, and you wish me to go up and evacuate now?' They said 'Yes,' and it was over, and I left at 8 P.M. for Calais." In this casual fashion the first act of the tragedy began, a tragedy in which Gordon's life was lost, and many thousands of other lives, and millions of British money, and not a little of British honor. The conclave itself hardly knew what it was doing. The next day one of the four Ministers met another. "We were proud of ourselves yesterday," he said: "are you sure that we did not commit a gigantic folly?"

Such in fact it was, but the Ministers were too much occupied with the newspapers and the Opposition to foresee the consequences of their action. They were in that most dangerous mood of English politics—the mood in which it is felt that "something must be done" to shut people's mouths and stave off hostile votes. Gordon was not the only sacrifice to this temper. Part of the "something" was the despatch of General Graham's force from Suakim for the relief of Tokar. When that town had fallen it was obvious that the expedition had become entirely useless, and Sir Evelyn Baring said so and strongly recommended its withdrawal. Lord Granville would not allow this expression of opinion to be made known. He wrote privately to Sir Evelyn, telling him that from the papers about to be presented to Parliament "I have cut out your opinion unfavorable to the expedition. You might as well try to stop a mule with a snaffle bridle as check the feeling here on the subject." It was necessary to have a fight, which could be represented as a victory, in the hope that "the feeling here" would be mollified. "The lives of the officers and men who subsequently fell at the battle of El Teb were, in reality, sacrificed to public clamor and the necessities of the parliamentary situation."

Such is the just and terrible sentence which may have to be passed upon well-meaning and kindly statesmen like Lord Granville when they allow themselves to be obsessed by the terror of "Public Opinion."

That obsession grew upon the Gladstone Ministry through the year 1884, and led to errors even worse than that of sanctioning Gordon's mission. This mission, as Mr. Gladstone's own biographer observes, was an indefensible gambling hazard:—

{ Everybody now discerns that to despatch a soldier of this temperament on

a piece of business that was not only difficult and dangerous, but profoundly obscure, and needing vigilant sanity and self-control, was little better than to call in a wizard with his magic.<sup>1</sup>

Yet, indefensible as the transaction was, there was just a chance that it might have succeeded if the Government had supported their own emissary, and taken the advice of their most competent local advisers. Gordon, seeing plainly that he had completely overrated his influence with the Sudanese (which indeed had vanished), urged that recourse should be had to Zobeir Pasha, as the only man who could act as a counterpoise to the Mahdi, and create a formidable combination of the tribesmen against him. There is reason to believe that Zobeir might have been successful in this enterprise. Zobeir, according to Sir Reginald Wingate, had been the ablest leader in the Sudan, a born ruler, a first-rate organizer, a good fighter and a man of iron will. I talked with him myself at Khartoum three months ago, and it was a little difficult to credit with all these notable qualities the shrewd, humorous, kindly old gentleman of eighty, who chatted pleasantly and frankly in the dining-room of an English official, as we sat there after luncheon. But we asked him to look back on the past, and to tell us whether he still thought he could have checked Mahdism if he had been allowed to leave Cairo in those spring months twenty-four years ago. Zobeir declared he had no doubt on the subject. He said that, as the conqueror of Darfur and the most important man in the Equatorial Provinces, in Kordofan, and in the Khartoum district and Berber, his influence at the time was still very great. He was known everywhere, and many thousands of the tribesmen who submitted to the Baggara headship with

reluctance would have gathered round him. In a short time he would have raised a rival power to that of the Mahdi, and he believed he could have saved Gordon and rolled back the Derivish wave from Khartoum.

It was not merely Zobeir himself and Gordon who were convinced of this. Sir Evelyn Baring had no prepossessions in favor of either the Englishman or the Arab, but he supported Gordon's request that the Pasha should be sent, and urged it again and again with vehement emphasis. Colonel Stewart, the cool-headed expert, whom everybody trusted, favored the scheme; so did the acute and sagacious Nubar, the Egyptian Prime Minister. There was a complete consensus of capable opinion, and Mr. Gladstone himself, says Mr. Morley, became "a strong convert to the plan of sending Zobeir." But Mr. Gladstone was not deeply interested in the Sudan episode, his thoughts being more occupied in the imminent split between his Whiggish colleagues and those who like Mr. Chamberlain were openly preaching what nowadays we should call Socialism. Moreover Mr. Gladstone was seventy-five and not very well. During the crucial Cabinet meetings of this spring he was in bed with a cold, reading *Sybil*.<sup>2</sup> He had to learn what passed from Lord Granville at second-hand, and we are told "he could not turn his Cabinet."

Perhaps he did not try very hard. For at this juncture, says Mr. Gladstone's biographer, "the omnipotent though not omniscient divinity called public opinion intervened"; and of that imagined deity the Ministers went in slavish awe. From that time onwards Lord Granville, in his correspondence with Sir Evelyn Baring, falls back continually on Parliament and the *vox populi*. We cannot do it, he insists; there would be such an outcry in the newspapers over the employment of the

<sup>1</sup> Morley, "Life of Gladstone," iii. 151.

<sup>2</sup> Morley, "Gladstone," iii. 159.

"slave-trader" [Zobeir assured me that he had never traded in slaves, though, of course, like all other Sudan magnates, he was a slave-owner on a large scale]; the Opposition would move a vote of censure; and the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society was beginning to hold meetings. The oracle was supposed to have spoken, and mere mortal Ministers could only hear and obey. "It is well known," said Mr. Gladstone, "that if, when the recommendation to send Zobeir was made, we had complied with it, an address from the House to the Crown would have paralyzed our action; and though it was perfectly true that the decision arrived at was the judgment of the Cabinet, it was also no less the judgment of Parliament and the people." Mr. Morley, and even Lord Cromer, accept this shifting of responsibility. The former thinks that Zobeir should have been appointed, but he adds:

To run all the risks involved in the despatch of Gordon, and then immediately to refuse the request that he persistently represented as furnishing him his only chance, was an incoherence that the Parliament and people of England have not often surpassed.

And Lord Cromer says: "I believe that the final catastrophe at Khartoum might possibly have been averted if Zobeir Pasha had been employed. If I am right in this conjecture, the main responsibility must naturally devolve on Mr. Gladstone's Government. But it must in fairness be added that the responsibility must be shared by the British Parliament and by the people generally, notably by the Anti-Slavery Society."

Lord Cromer, whose relative, Lord Northbrook, was one of the inner ministerial conclave, is not anxious to bear hardly on the Cabinet of 1884. But he supplies the answer to his own apology for them. Parliament and the people, as he points out, had not seen

his private despatches and many other vital documents; they did not know the facts and arguments; the Ministers did. What is more, the Ministers were directly responsible for executive action, and Parliament and the people were not. It was no part of the duty of the Cabinet to take what seemed to them the worse, instead of the better, course in order to satisfy private members of Parliament or private individuals out of doors. It was not certain that the House of Commons would have passed a vote of censure; but if it had done so, Mr. Gladstone could have met it by offering to resign his functions, and have thrown upon the leaders of the Opposition the responsibility for the catastrophe which was likely to ensue.

One may doubt whether Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote would have cared to turn out the Ministry over the Zobeir question, whatever Lord Randolph Churchill and his *Frondeurs* might have wished.

But it was public opinion that really affected the Gladstonian mind. "In any case," wrote Lord Granville, "the public opinion of this country would not tolerate the appointment of Zobeir Pasha." "I venture to think," Sir Evelyn Baring replied, "that any attempt to settle the Egyptian question by the light of English popular opinion is sure to be productive of harm, and in this, as in other cases, it would be preferable to follow the advice of the responsible authorities on the spot." Lord Granville deserved this grave and pertinent rebuke. "Public opinion" was not his master or his employer.

And how could he possibly be aware what public opinion wanted or what it really thought? How can any Minister know? He reads (if he is industrious) half a dozen newspapers daily. He gains from them the views of half a dozen or a dozen men, perhaps penetrating and judicious, perhaps not, who

have small opportunity of ascertaining the views of more than a very limited number of their fellow-countrymen. A newspaper editor, a busy man absorbed in the details of an extensive business enterprise, can do no more than form a hasty and incomplete estimate of the emotions which at any time possess the minds of the eight or ten millions of persons who constitute the electorate. What other sources of information has the responsible statesman? His friends? He is seldom in contact with more than a minute section of persons in London society; they may tell him what *they* think, but not what the people of Britain are thinking. There are the political agencies and organizers whose knowledge party leaders habitually overestimate. A couple of busybodies in a provincial town speak to the local agent against a particular measure or proposal; the agent writes to the Central Office; the chief party organizer passes it on to the Whips; and from the Whips it reaches the Great Man, who solemnly warns his colleagues that they will lose Loamshire or risk Coalborough if they go on with the thing. How far can he and his subordinates gauge the real sentiments of the vast majority who have said nothing on the subject, and perhaps have not thought about it at all?

Public opinion is a shifting abstraction; it is the passing impression on passing events of a miscellaneous crowd of persons whose main preoccupation is not with public affairs. How many people were there, during the weeks in which Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues were cowering before an imaginary blast of popular resentment,

who knew or cared what Zobeir Pasha was? Possibly, if the appointment had been made, there would have been some violent speeches in Parliament (there were plenty of them as it was), and some angry leading articles in the press. In three days the newspapers would have been writing about something else; in three months, if the measure had proved successful, everybody would have approved—and probably forgotten—it. Public opinion is so uncertain, so transient, and, above all, so difficult to condense, that Ministers, who set their sails by it, are blown from day to day to all quarters of the compass. No wonder in such circumstances they run upon the rocks. They cannot steer straight if they are always watching these flickering currents. There is only one definite test of public opinion, and that is the verdict of the constituencies deliberately recorded at a general election. When that is given the Cabinet can discover whether it has or has not been acting in accordance with the ideas of the majority of voters. And until it is given they are responsible for the national executive, and have no right to devolve their responsibility on the press or the platform, or even the House of Commons. That seems the true moral of Lord Cromer's chapters on Gordon, with their plainly told story of national misfortune and administrative weakness. It has not lost its application. Disaster and disgrace are as likely as in Mr. Gladstone's time, to dog the steps of Ministers who allow their policy to be shaped for them from day to day by that confused hubbub of conflicting voices which they choose to regard as Public Opinion.

## THE POWER OF THE KEYS.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### JANIE PLAYS THE HEROINE

Possibly as a punishment for his incredulity, Mr. Brooke was not allowed to leave the camp the next day, but on the following afternoon he appeared as usual with Dr. Schmidt, and while the doctor went straight to the hospital, made his way at once to Eleanor, whom he saw on the verandah.

"I hope what I said to Miss Wright the other day relieved your mind a little," he said. "It turns out now that I was quite right. For some reason or other, which the Scythians cannot fathom, the promised invasion has not come off, and Fenley is not destroyed."

"But the people all believe that London has been captured," said Eleanor, who had suffered many things at the tongues of many Asiatics during the past two days.

"Of course they do, and the Scythians will encourage them to go on doing it, as if things were not bad enough already. But I think there's no fear of that. I haven't a doubt that the other Powers—and possibly America as well—have united to keep Sigismund quiet, by threatening him with a general coalition against him if he interferes in our little affair with Scythia. In that way Neustria would safeguard herself, besides securing us a fair field. And we need it!"

"Then it is true about the Payab disaster?"

"True that the Granthistan troops are cut off—not that they are cut to pieces, happily. No doubt our men will evacuate Shah Bagh and the frontier forts, and make for some possible crossing-place either above or below Payab. They will have to fight their way, and they will be hampered by non-combatants, but once across the river and on the railway they may be useful,

whereas now they are merely locked up and surrounded. Then they may unite with the rest of the First Army and do something."

"They couldn't march down the right bank and meet the Second Army?"

"Through a hostile country?—and such a country! No, they must aim at getting back to the railway, and the sooner the better. Of course the Scythian reports are purposely exaggerated, but one can't doubt that something very like a Reign of Terror has set in all over India."

"Another Mutiny—as they said?"

"Well, attacks upon isolated Europeans, riots in the towns, faction fights between Hindus and Mohammedans, organized sedition in Bengal, another epidemic of murder in the Maratha Country—the sort of thing that is constantly happening sporadically on a small scale, but now it is appearing everywhere on a large one. It can be put down, of course, and will be; but the mischief is that the Police and Volunteers won't be sufficient, and troops who ought to be on the frontier must be kept back."

Eleanor shivered. "But they will send out reinforcements from home?" she said almost pleadingly.

"They should have sent them before. The drafts have been short for two years, you will remember. Oh, they will do what they can, no doubt, but the Scythians have pierced our first line, and there is a lot of way to make up. Every man that can possibly go will be wanted."

"Yes." She looked him straight in the face, and he spoke haltingly, not with his usual smooth deliberation.

"I am glad to have this chance of speaking to you. I wanted to ask you — You know Arbuthnot's scheme?"

"Yes, he has told me."



"He has not suggested it—— I suppose he thinks me too old, but—shall I go?"

The strength seemed to have left Eleanor's voice as she answered with difficulty, "You can ride and shoot—you are a dead shot; you know the country and the languages; you can command men. You must go."

"I thought you would say so, but I cannot bear to leave you here unprotected. If only you and Miss Wright were in question, we might well take you with us, but the native women and children——"

"I know,—it is quite impossible. Oh, if you could only save them and Janie, I should be perfectly happy!"

"But I should not," said Mr. Brooke, with the ghost of a smile. "My dear," he laid his hand on hers, "consider everything before you tell me to go. If I live, I shall come back to you, you know that, but I dare not say there is much chance of it. And you, left here with all these helpless creatures to look after and provide for, and very possibly subjected to systematic persecution by the Scythians, what are you to do?"

"God sent you to us when we seemed absolutely helpless. Perhaps," with quivering lips, "I have looked too much to you. But God will help us in some other way. I dare not keep you back."

"Then this is good-bye," he said gently. Eleanor looked up with terror in her eyes. "No, I don't mean that we are starting at once," he added. "Arbutnot keeps his own counsel, but I act as his intermediary with the other prisoners, and they are to be ready any night. And do you realize that this is the first time I have seen you alone since the invasion? Even if I know when the signal will come, I shall not be able to tell you. Nor would I tell you if I could, for it would certainly endanger you. Now that you know nothing, you can tell nothing, but you

have sent one volunteer to the front."

He laid his hand on her bowed head for a moment, and left her hastily, to meet Dr. Schmidt, who was tramping up the verandah-steps, shouting directions to Janie over his shoulder. The surgeon was in a great hurry to get back to the camp, but his irritation was modified when he found Mr. Brooke ready to start, and Eleanor was left undisturbed. Janie glanced in at her, and retreated noiselessly, the angry tears springing into her eyes. Why couldn't things happen nicely, and allow Burree a little happiness at last?

This sense of general unfairness gave an added sharpness to Janie's voice when she charged down the steps presently upon a child who had no business in the courtyard. It was the youngest orphan, the spoilt pet of the whole compound, upon whom his soldier father, in compliment to a revered commanding-officer, had bestowed the appalling name of Karnal Sahib. The boy, secure of his empire over her heart, looked up with composure into the angry face of the Sister Miss Sahib.

"No, Miss Sahib, I am not doing evil, but I was watching one who was, Miss Sahib, I think Ghulam Qadir is a thief!"

"Nonsense! You mustn't say such things," said Janie, leading him dexterously back to his own quarters.

"But I saw him go into the well-house, Miss Sahib, and bring out the rope—the new rope which has not been used, and take it away coiled on his arm. And I said, 'O Ghulam Qadir, what dost thou with the Miss Sahib's rope?' But he only said, 'The jackal asked the tiger what he was doing, and for answer had his skull smashed in,'—as if I was a baby, Miss Sahib!"

"I will speak to Ghulam Qadir," said Janie absently. "But if you are rude to the servants, Karnal Sahib, they will certainly treat you as a baby," she

added, waking to the moral exigencies of the moment.

Leaving Karnal Sahib in Joanna's care she went up to the roof, and as she had expected, found the rope fastened round the chimney-stack, with the knotted end hanging over the wall. That Arbuthnot had left it there showed that he would not be long gone, and she sat down to wait for him. Walks for pleasure beyond the compound were out of the question now, owing to the insulting behavior of the baser sort of the population towards their vanquished masters, which was not restrained with any particular zeal by the governing class, and the fresh air on the roof was welcome after much flying about between the hospital and the isolation ward. Presently the rope was drawn taut, there were mysterious rustling sounds out of sight, and Arbuthnot's turbaned head appeared above the wall.

"How you made me jump!" he said, when he had pulled himself over. "I wonder I didn't let go and fall down the precipice. One doesn't expect to find any one here at this hour."

"I only wanted to warn you," said Janie; "Karnal Sahib thinks your dealings with ropes very suspicious."

"Well, it won't be long now. Keep his mouth shut for a day or two, and you'll be rid of me."

"How are you going to manage it?" asked Janie eagerly.

"How exactly alike you and Miss Weston are—always wanting to know things that we try to keep from you for your own sakes! Well, you know there's a Scythian reinforcement expected?"

"Yes, because they have sent so many men down to guard the road against a surprise from Gajniपुर."

Arbuthnot snorted contemptuously. "Gajniपुर has quite enough to think about beyond the river, without bothering over Bala. Those Scythian de-

tachments have gone down to operate along the railway."

"Train-wrecking?" asked Janie in horror. He nodded.

"Yes, there have been two or three nasty affairs already. Of course we can't guard that length of line, or sweep the hills for Scythian bands at present. But just now the Bala force is depleted, and the new arrivals won't be much good the first few days after they get here. But when they find so many of their prisoners have disappeared, they will have a tremendous hunt for two days and a night, say. While that is going on, I keep the birds safe in a cave down here, which communicates with the Begum's cellars. When the Scythians are tired out with patrolling the road and following up false trails, we start by my private path, cross the road at a place I know of, and make for Gajniपुर from the south instead of the north, so avoiding the places where they will look for us."

"Oh, splendid!" cried Janie. "But won't Gokal Das tell them about the cave?"

"He doesn't know of it. If he even tried to get through the little passage that leads to it he'd stick. But it's my own discovery. I found the passage, all choked with rubbish, when I was poking about in the cellars."

"I see. And you will bring the prisoners through our compound and up here and let them down by the rope?"

"Good heavens, no! This isn't a state procession; it's a—a policy of scuttle. By the bye, who do you think insists on coming with us? Cholmeley-Smith, who I thought was quite happy lecturing by interpretation to the Scythians on the best way to avoid our mistakes! He's quartered with Brooke and two of our keenest Gunners, and somehow or other he's got hold of what's going on, and demands to be included. Why, I don't know, for he certainly won't fight. But I shall let our people in by

the Begum's side-door, one or two at a time, with Burakat to keep watch for me. This rope is merely a back-way of my own, by which I can get to the cave quicker than by going up the hill and loitering through the village with the proper amount of conversation."

"Then there is a path to it from here?"

"Well, a sort of sketch of a path. I have been making new climbing-poles and all sorts of dodges for circumventing impossible corners, in the hours I have cribbed from Miss Weston's service. Oh, I say,"—he had been unfastening the knots in the rope as he talked, and paused now with it coiled in his hand,—“had you any idea that there was anything between Miss Weston and Brooke?"

"Anything?" said Janie, with intense scorn. "Everything!"

"Well, you know, she has told him to go with us. He gave me a nod when he passed me just now, which was to mean that he would go. I was astonished when he even suggested it. I thought he was comfortably settled here as interpreter and general caretaker to you both."

"Any one might know that if he gave Burree the choice she would tell him to go," said Janie, aggressively contemptuous.

"Rather rough on them both, I should say."

"Much worse for her. That's what the Empire means to a woman. To you it means a career, your life-work, perhaps a certain amount of reward. To a woman it means that when a little gold has come into her gray life, she gives it up with a cheerful face, and no one knows anything about it. Not that Burree's life here has been exactly gray," she added meditatively. "Perhaps black and white would be more like it."

"Then you think she's a fool to do it?" He looked at her curiously.

"I don't!" with intense indignation. "It's perfectly right. Whatever Burree does is sure to be right."

"I wonder if you have any life of your own apart from your Burree? What would you do if you hadn't got her? She has turned you into a regular echo of her opinions."

"She hasn't! She is my Burree, and I think as she does because she thinks right. And I don't discuss Miss Weston with—" "servants," Janie was going to say, with cold dignity, but she altered it to—"with outsiders."

Two days later the whole neighborhood was thrown into wild commotion by the news that some thirty of the British *détenus* had escaped from the prison-camp and could not be found. Even while Eleanor and Janie were at breakfast, a disturbance in the courtyard announced the arrival of a Scythian force, and they found themselves put under arrest on the verandah, while the servants were assembled and guarded by sentries at the gate. A thorough search was made, the walls being rapped for concealed chambers, and the floors methodically tested. No bush in the garden escaped scrutiny, and finally the hospital was surrounded by soldiers, while two old women from the village, barbers' wives, went from bed to bed, forcing each patient and her attendant relatives to unweave, and checking the list of nurses. Eleanor and Janie were able to state that they had last seen Mr. Brooke on the previous afternoon, when he had said nothing of any intention to escape, and his manner had betrayed nothing unusual; and at last, after warning them severely against concealing any facts that might come to their knowledge, the Scythian officer withdrew his men. He took Arbuthnot with him, and marched up to the village, where the Begum's house had once more been invaded by a detachment of the state troops, guided—under compulsion, he

declared—by Gokal Das himself. The strictest search failed here also in discovering any trace of the fugitives, and the Begum, whom Arbuthnot had taken into his confidence, excelled herself in the invectives she poured upon the disturbers of her peace.

The allied forces retired discomfited, and later in the day the news penetrated to the hospital that the services of a skilled native tracker had been requisitioned, and that though he had complained bitterly of being called in so late, he had traced the escaped prisoners to a spot much lower down the road, where signs visible even to the untrained eye showed that a number of men had passed, leaving traces of English footgear. A force had therefore been despatched down the road, with instructions to search also all likely spots on either side. This news would have been more alarming than it was to Eleanor and Janie if they had not known that the tracker was Arbuthnot's old shikari, and if the old man himself had not visited the hospital that morning, ostensibly to ask for more medicine for his wife, but really to inquire with awful mystery how to get rid of a pair of European boots which would not burn. Arbuthnot's continued presence was also a guarantee that the fugitives were still safely quartered in the cave. When he disappeared, then it might be understood that the difficult and dangerous journey to Gajnipur by goat-tracks over the mountains had begun.

Prince Pavel and his companions did not present themselves at St. Martin's that day, being presumably engaged in the pursuit of the fugitives, and the day after, when the pursuers began to return unsuccessful and angry, they were doubtless too tired, or not in sufficiently good spirits. Their absence compensated for a good deal in the way of anxiety, though the anxiety was now growing hourly less, and Janie was

singing to herself as she hurried across the courtyard, when her attention was attracted by a colloquy between Abdul Husain and some one at the gate. Pausing to listen, she found that the visitor was Gokal Das, who had brought a copy of the Koran, which he said he had discovered in the possession of one of the soldiers who had searched the Begum's house, and which he had recognized as her property. He had bought it from the man for two rupees, and now wished to hand it over to Ghulam Qadir, as the Begum's representative, but on inquiring at her house he was told he was not there. It was therefore evident that he must be at the hospital, and Gokal Das was now demanding a personal interview with him, while Abdul Husain persisted that he had not returned since he left the gate at noon.

The truth flashed upon Janie. Gokal Das was still suspicious, still inclined to believe that his supplanter had provided the fugitives with a temporary asylum, which a renewed search might bring to light. Any difficulty in finding Arbuthnot would give support to his conjectures. With a sudden impulse she plunged into the fray, in which words were now running high.

"Ghulam Qadir is certainly not here," she said, acknowledging the Hindu's perfunctory salutation. "Of course you will find him at the Begum Sahiba's house. He is no doubt putting the cellars to rights after the visit of the soldiers, and Barakat did not know where to find him."

"Then this wretched one must climb the hill again to seek him," grumbled Gokal Das, but Janie noticed that he set out with extreme alacrity. She noticed also that there was a small boy hanging about in front of the gateway, but rather to the left of it, so that he could keep an eye also on the side-door which admitted to the isolation building. His business, of course,

was to track any messenger that might be sent out. Janie drew a deep breath. Everything now depended on her. Eleanor was lecturing to the probationers, and to call her would arouse suspicion. Moreover, Janie was not entirely averse from proving to the sceptical Arbuthnot that she could on occasion act on her own initiative. Glancing into the well-house, she saw the new rope coiled on its hook, and there she left it, with a well-founded distrust of her own capacity for climbing up and down by the help of knots alone. Arbuthnot might choose the roof as his means of egress, but she felt a strong preference for the surgery window, through which, small as it was, she believed she could just squeeze herself. It was the largest of the windows looking out at the back, and the shelves afforded a way of reaching it on the inner side. Once inside the room, with the door locked, the means for accomplishing her object were ready to her hand. A stout six-inch bandage, of regulation length, was the most important, and for a few minutes she worked hard at this, doubling it, and tying deep loops in it about a foot apart.

"Now if I was in a book," she said to herself when she had finished, "this window would have a bar to fasten the rope to, but of course it hasn't. I wish the table was fixed, but these things will have to do."

She piled the table with all the heaviest articles in the room, having previously moved it near the window, and fastened the unlooped end of the bandage round two of the legs. Mounting to the window-sill by means of the shelves, she was relieved to find that the ledge outside looked appreciably nearer than it did from the roof, and she let down her rope courageously. It was very difficult indeed to squeeze through the window, and for a moment she really feared that, like King

Charles at Carisbrooke, she would need the help of the enemy to rescue her, but at last she was kneeling on the outer sill, exulting in the thought that if she had been tall like Eleanor she could never have got through. Putting one foot in the first loop that she had made, she lowered herself cautiously from one to another, and at length stood proudly on the ledge, fastening the end of a narrow bandage to the loose piece of the broad one. But this first step, difficult as it had been, was far less alarming than those that must follow. Below her narrow foothold was the awful chasm, down which she must venture, at a spot where Arbuthnot's frequent journeys had left traces, though by no means a path. Unrolling the narrow bandage and fastening it round her, so as to leave both hands free, she began the descent, keeping her face resolutely turned to the cliff. Arbuthnot was a man of average height, and Janie, in these days of glantesses, a distinctly short woman, so that his footholds were almost beyond her reach. More than once she was reduced to grasping her rope and letting herself slide an inch or two, which felt like yards, and when at last she came to a momentary standstill, it was merely on a projecting stone. But here, she could see, her course became horizontal instead of perpendicular, for there were rough pegs fixed in the rock—with the same lack of consideration for her height as before—to serve as a hand-rail. Before she had gone far with their help, her rope came to an end, and she was obliged to unfasten it and twist the last few inches round one of the pegs, going on without it. To her great relief, the passage did not last long, for she came upon a kind of path, leading diagonally up and down the cliff, which seemed at the moment a wide and safe road, though in cold blood she would have pronounced it impracticable for any



one but an Alpine climber. The time already consumed seemed so terribly long that she hurried up the path without observing any precautions, and was only recalled to a sense of her danger when, as she trod on a loose rock at the outer edge, it gave way beneath her. She saved herself by catching at a bush, and for some seconds she crouched in sick horror, hearing the great stone plunging into the abyss below. It was the prospect of a different danger that restored to her the power of moving, for something came suddenly into view against the blue sky above her—a head, a turbaned head, the head of a man who was craning his neck to see over the cliff. She crouched motionless, her heart beating furiously, and at length the head was withdrawn; but when she moved on, she durst do little but crawl close to the cliff, avoiding the edge of the path not merely on account of the danger of falling, but that of attracting attention. She could almost have cried with joy when she found herself confronted by Arbuthnot, who appeared round a corner of the path with the menacing demand, "What do you want here?" in Hindustani. Half-sobbing, she poured out her news, thankful to be no longer responsible for it.

"Well, this settles it," he said. "Brooke must lead the party to-night, and I must stay on for a day or two, if Gokal Das is going to be troublesome. I'll be off to the Begum's house at once. But how did you get here—down the cliff? Well, you are a brave woman, and no mistake! Brooke will help you back—he's as good a cragsman as I am. I'll call him."

"No, don't!" Janie managed to say. "I can do it. I think—a man saw me, by that far bush. He mustn't see—any of you."

"A man!" Arbuthnot frowned. "Look here, will you come with us? We'll take all the care of you we can."

"Oh, no!" Janie screwed up a very creditable smile. "I should only hinder you. Perhaps he didn't see me. Good-bye."

Setting her teeth, she crept back, sustained by the thought that Mr. Brooke was probably watching her round the corner, and would insist on coming to her help if she showed signs of falling. The pegs were reached only too soon, and when they were passed there was a dreadful moment when she had to balance herself on the projecting stone while she fastened the rope round her waist again. The climb she accomplished more easily than she had feared would be the case, by the help of her rope, and after all she had gone through it was child's play to mount to the window by means of the looped bandage. She squeezed herself into the surgery again, and half-climbed, half-dropped to the floor, to hear the door being shaken violently, and Eleanor's voice raised in alternate menace and entreaty.

"Janie, is it you? Do open the door. Children, open the door immediately! Don't touch a single thing. I shall punish you very severely— Oh, Janie!" as Janie staggered to the door and unlocked it, "what a fright you have given me! I thought the children had got in again and were poisoning themselves." This was in allusion to a terrible day when Topsy and Jinda had invited their fellows to feast on a bottle of calomel pills purloined from the surgery—a feast which was only not fatal to its participants by reason of a sleepless night of unremitting labor on the part of the whole hospital staff.

"But, Janie!" gasped Eleanor, as she took in at once the disordered aspect of the room and of her friend; "what have you been doing?"

"Don't ask me; I can't tell you," cried Janie hysterically. "Only help me to put the room tidy. I won't tell you, Burree; it's no use asking me."



You know nothing, and I shan't tell you anything."

"Janie! don't we always tell each other everything?" Eleanor's voice showed that she was deeply hurt, but Janie laughed nervously.

"Well, I am going to start a new system to-day, then. Don't be afraid; I haven't been doing anything wrong. But if you are questioned, you can say truthfully that you know nothing. Oh, I can't get these knots out!"

"Give them to me," said Eleanor. "And—won't you lie down a little, Janie? and put on a fresh cap presently? And your apron is torn."

"Oh, Burree, you think I have gone mad!" cried Janie, laughing in spite of herself, as at a new and brilliant idea. "Yes, I'll put myself tidy, and then you will see I am all right."

She went out, still laughing, passing in the doorway Vashti, who had come with some message from the hospital.

*Sydney C. Grier.*

*(To be continued.)*

### A GENRE PAINTER AND HIS CRITICS.\*

That there are artists' painters and poets' painters is often acknowledged. It is only fair, seeing at how many points his activities touch on art, that the archivist too should be rewarded by having his special painter. True it is that to some extent the archivist has made most of the old masters more or less his own, has at times obtruded his own special scale of values where the artist's would be found more commensurate; but still it is right that here and there an artist be handed over body and soul to the archivist for dissection. An artist pre-eminently fitted for this purpose is Carpaccio, and he found in the late Dr. Ludwig precisely the archivist to do him justice. It is true that, half a century ago, he fell, by some odd mistake, into the hands of a poet and dreamer; but Ruskin had so great a capacity for subjective vision, he saw so clearly through Carpaccio to his own personal predilections, his own emotional habits and prejudices, that Carpaccio remained practically unaffected by his employment as a medium. Ruskin in his study revealed to the

world much that was of interest about himself—his intransigent Protestantism, his odd sincerity, his sensibility, his tenderness, and a thousand other quaint or endearing characteristics—but they are, it so happens, characteristics of Ruskin and not of Carpaccio.

By some odd twist in his nature, passing by the many great Italian artists in whom a constant religious exaltation and a deep ethical purpose might indeed be discovered, he pitched on two minor artists, Luini and Carpaccio, and expended on them the wealth of his emotional nature. Or these artists, Luini may perhaps have been religious in a rather mawkish and trivial manner, but Carpaccio was, at least so far as he reveals himself in his art, singularly devoid of religious, or indeed of any rarefied or spiritual imagination. If proof were wanted of this, which stares the impartial observer in the face from any one of his delightful narrative pieces, it is surely to be found in the precocity with which this naïve fifteenth century artist anticipated already a choice of subject which might seem to belong by right to Félicien Rops or Forain. I allude, of course, to the picture of two ladies in the *Correr*. Ruskin, confronted with

\*"Life and Works of Vittorio Carpaccio." By the late Prof. Gustav Ludwig and Prof. Pompeo Molmenti. Translated by E. H. Hobart Cust. With numerous illustrations in photogravure and half-tone. London: Murray, 1907.

this most curious and, for the period, unexpected clue to Carpaccio's personal tastes, is not abashed for a moment. He thinks, it is true, that the motive of the picture is satirical because of the suggestion of idleness and luxury, but he appears entirely unconscious of the ladies' profession, surmises, indeed, that they are mother and daughter, and actually pronounces the painting, in a burst of misplaced eloquence, the finest painting in the world. It is certainly a very interesting comedy of manners at a period when such documents are very scarce, but it would be difficult for any less soaring imagination than Ruskin's to find in it qualities comparable, nay, superior, to those shown by de Hooghe, Van Eyck, Giorgione, Titian, Bewick, Landseer, Hunt, Turner. This amazing list is given in Ruskin's order.

It is indeed very difficult to find out through what intricate involutions, through what mazy wanderings of his spirit, Ruskin arrived at his paradoxical conclusions about Carpaccio. One must suppose, as always with Ruskin, first of all, a certain æsthetic thrill set up perhaps by Carpaccio's restrained sensuousness of color, then perhaps some happy combination of external conditions such as occur so easily in Venice. Then, on Carpaccio's side, we have his habit, essentially a frivolous and thoughtless one, of putting into his pictures every kind of costume, type, animal, plant or thing which amused him or attracted his ever vagrant fancy for the moment. This habit, though highly reprehensible, indeed impossible in a great imaginative artist is, of course, one of those engaging vices which endear a smaller man like Carpaccio; but it becomes the foundation, under Ruskin's already impassioned and distorted gaze, of the whole colossal fabric of Carpaccio's reputation as an artist with a deep spiritual, presumably Protestant, message. For, to a mind like Ruskin's, any object may

become symbolic of almost any idea; and, where there is such a wealth and clutter of unrelated objects to be found in the picture, it will go hard with the critic if some things cannot be made to fit, symbolically, of course, with almost any spiritual truth which the critic happens to be interested in. In truth the net is drawn so wide that nothing can slip through. In *St. George fighting the dragon*, *St. George* is to typify Purity, that is the theorem; then, if Carpaccio gives him a white horse, it becomes obvious at once, since white stands for purity; but it so happens that Carpaccio gives him a dark brown, almost black, horse. To the symbolist this provides but a moment's check. *St. George* is Purity, but he needs the strength of the lower nature to bear him into battle. Brown horses are the strongest, therefore *St. George* represents Purity; Q. E. D. There is no gainsaying such argument. Carpaccio might rise from the dead and disclaim any such fine intentions in his delightfully simple art; it would not move the symbolist from his impregnable position.

But I am not concerned here to make fun of Ruskin's exposition of Carpaccio, the more so that, besides having much beauty of language, *St. Mark's Rest* contains certain dimly-guessed æsthetic *aperçus* of so profound a nature that we have not yet quite arrived at understanding them fully. But it is, I think, necessary, if we are to get at all at the real Carpaccio, to sweep aside the whole of this symbolic superstructure. On these lines one might prove that *Frith's Derby Day* is not only a profoundly moral painting, which it may be, but that it typifies the fall of the Roman Empire or the advent of Christian Science. It is indeed almost pathetic to think that Carpaccio, the most thoughtless, gay, irresponsible painter of the Renaissance, should have been made to bear such a heavy

burden of spiritual truth as Ruskin and his collaborator pile on his unconscious shoulders.

Such was Ruskin's Carpaccio—a medium for self-revelation on Ruskin's part. What, then, do our more scientific, more objectively-minded art historians, German and Italian, make of him? Have we from them, at last, the real Carpaccio? In a sense, yes. Carpaccio's activity, his *milieu*, the kind and quality of his patrons, the measure of his contemporary fame, the material he handled in his art—all these are clearly made out for us and are illustrated by a wealth of details of fifteenth century Venetian life such as only a patient and enthusiastic researcher like Dr. Ludwig could accumulate in the course of many years. But of Carpaccio as an artist neither Dr. Ludwig nor Signor Molmenti have anything authoritative to tell us; they echo in a perfunctory way a number of fine sounding but really meaningless phrases about truth, sincerity, directness. They allude constantly to his genius, his power of observation, and his decorative sense, but there is nowhere in this book a serious attempt made to appreciate Carpaccio's exact position, to say what, as an artist pure and simple, he is worth, what he would be worth to us if, for instance, he were painting the Regent Circus of to-day, if his companions of the Calza were the *habitués* of Ritz's. If his Doge were the Prime Minister and his gondolas taxicabs, what then would be his value for us as pure art? It is really only by some such imagined transposition of the material of his art that we can estimate its aesthetic as opposed to its antiquarian value. For Carpaccio satisfies as scarcely any other artist, certainly as no other Italian artist, does, a certain intellectual craving—the desire to know, in such a detailed way that we can picture it clearly to ourselves, how people lived four hun-

dred years ago. The past is always sanctified by time; and those of us who would be ashamed to be found reading backstairs information about smart people in a modern society journal feel that we are fulfilling part of our intellectual purpose in life if we are puzzling out a *chronique scandaleuse* of the seventeenth century or piecing together the day's doings of a very ordinary man of business in the fifteenth century. Our difference of feeling in the two supposed cases has no doubt some justification. It requires a more deliberate effort of imagination to vivify the bare facts of the daily life of a long past century than to give a vital impulse to similar facts of to-day. Then, again, Time has destroyed so ruthlessly that all that he has left becomes precious as helping to make part of a picture which we feel of infinite importance. After all, the past is part of us; we absorb it all into us, identify ourselves with all its efforts however contradictory; whereas the present belongs mostly to other people, rivals, enemies, or what not, certainly no part of ourselves.

Then, again, we may stop in our realization of a past age wherever we wish. We may think how pleasant to see a *festa* on the Grand Canal; we need not dread the plague or the Turks as those who were present did. We may imagine as long as it gives us pleasure; we can stop our imaginings whenever pain begins. The present is more relentless, and spoils our nicely planned work of art by obtruding hateful and incongruous facts.

Now Carpaccio, by a kind of miracle, that is, by a number of fortunate chances of environment and character, Carpaccio does just what we want. He gives the antiquarian imagination all that it asks and no more. He can be detailed and precise as an auctioneer's inventory, minute as an insect, circumstantial as a false witness; he is

never real enough to hurt. He, standing there in fifteenth century Venice at the time, will swear to us that all our illusions about the past are justified; that life was just that mixture of what was picturesquely insignificant and naively piquant which we like our retrospective imaginations to distil for us from the records of the past. And this was in part because he had just our less responsible interest in things, our love, in idler moments, of the details of remote life, remote either in time or space, our love, in short, of local color. His eastern scenes prove this beyond doubt; and our authors show how much ingenious learning, of a kind that we are familiar with among our own historical and religious painters, Carpaccio could display on occasion. Then, again, when he has to do scenes with vague and indeterminate settings, like the St. George, his fancy is always pleasurable. What horror that battle-ground between St. George and the dragon, in the Albergo of the Slavonians, might have aroused under, for instance, Mantegna's hand; and yet here how pleasant are these pieces of half-devoured human limbs, what a delightful thrill of quaintness they give to the setting. Even in this great battle, the supreme conflict, according to Ruskin, between purity and man's bestial nature, even here all is gay and attractive. There is no dramatic suspense, no real issue at stake. St. George is our old friend Prince Charming of the fairy stories, and it is bound to be all right.

But before going further with our enquiries into Carpaccio's genius, let us consider, in brief summary, what it is that Dr. Ludwig and Signor Molmenti have really brought to light for us in the history of Carpaccio's life and work. We are still strangely ignorant about him; he eludes the archivist as scarcely one other of the major figures of Venetian art does, dodging

behind the bigger men, living perhaps in a somewhat lower social stratum nearer to the haunts of his fisher kinsmen, and, one may guess, feeling a little "out of it" in the cultured atmosphere of the Bellini studios, glad to get back to a cruder, more jovial society. Even the indefatigable researches of our two authors have failed to reveal the date of Carpaccio's birth—a matter generally of great importance in any attempt to estimate an artist's exact position in relation to his contemporaries, since upon this depends much of our estimate of his originality. In Carpaccio's case this is particularly disappointing, since the archives have yielded considerable information about his relatives. We know something about Frà Ilario, his uncle, a turbulent priest; we know at least the names and a few dates about a whole row of uncles and cousins, including one Gasparo, who was condemned to death for larceny at the Mint; and we know of a large family of more distant cousins among whom smuggling seems to have been a favorite profession. Altogether the genealogical table gives one the idea of a vigorous stock of fishermen and small tradesmen, with at least a fair share of criminals. There would be little in such surroundings to bring a young man into touch with distinguished and cultivated society, and we ought rather to be surprised that Carpaccio shows so keen an intelligence, such an aptitude for learning, as he does, than that he belongs to an altogether different class of artists to the Bellini, Giorgione, and Titian.

But to return to the question of Vittore Carpaccio's birth. One thing is at least satisfactorily determined; he was born in Venice, of an old Venetian family, and not at Capodistria, as was at one time held. The first notice of him that has been traced so far is his mention in the will of his uncle, Frate Ilario, in 1472, where he is named as

an heir. This implies, according to Dr. Ludwig, that he was born about 1455-6, since no one could enter into an inheritance under fifteen years of age. But surely a boy could be named for an inheritance before he was of an age to inherit, since the will might not take effect for some time. One can hardly doubt that Dr. Ludwig thought of this point, and yet it would be surprising if Vittore was really born so early as 1455, for of the earliest dated pictures we have by him, the *St. Ursula* series, the first is dated 1490. It represents the landing at Cologne, and is so childish in composition, so feeble in drawing, and is followed at such short intervals of time by pictures, each one of which shows such striking and rapid improvement, that one finds it hard to doubt that that picture of 1490 is indeed an almost youthful work, done, say, when the artist was about twenty-three or twenty-four years old and coming rapidly to his full artistic growth. On the other hand, with Dr. Ludwig's date, he must have been thirty-five years old, an age which precludes, for an artist of the Italian Renaissance, any idea of immaturity, and leaves this curious inequality unexplained.

As to his artistic training, no documentary help is at hand; but if Dr. Ludwig had done nothing else students of Venetian art would have owed him a great debt for settling this point decisively. Dr. Ludwig has reconstituted a whole lost atelier of Venice, and one of considerable importance. To the older critics Venetian painting in the fifteenth century consisted of the Bellini and their helpers. Crowe and Cavalcaselle and Morelli began to differentiate the group of Muranese artists, and subsequently Alvise Vivarini, the leader of the group, was brought into full prominence by Mr. Berenson. Meanwhile, Lazzaro Bastiani was regarded as an imitator of Carpaccio, to

whom no one paid much attention. Dr. Ludwig has at last done him justice; has shown that he was the master and not the pupil of Carpaccio; that he had a great position in his day, and that from his atelier came, not only Carpaccio himself, but Benedetto Diana, Mansueti, Vincenzo Bastiani, and probably a large number of nameless artificers. In fact the Bellini, the Vivarini, and Lazzaro Bastiani all held similar positions in Venice as the heads of large ateliers. Nor was the superiority of the Bellini so evident then as it is to-day, for we find one Antonio Corradi writing from Constantinople so late as 1473 to order a panel with a figure of Christ to be done by Lazzaro, "but, if the painter be dead, Master Gian Bellini must do it!"

Such a judgment must surprise even us who are accustomed to grotesque inversions of the order of merit in art; for it is not as though Lazzaro were an Edwin Long and Bellini a Rossetti; as though one were grossly "popular," and the other seriously imaginative; both were trying to do essentially the same thing—appealing to the same taste and the same religious instincts—only one was doing it with high genius and the other with praiseworthy industry; and yet one could have either the one or the other for the same price!

But Dr. Ludwig's claim for Lazzaro Bastiani is, we think, fully made out. Lazzaro fills a most important position in Venetian art. It is indeed surprising that his position should have remained so long unsuspected, and it is one of Dr. Ludwig's many services to the history of Venetian art thus to have cleared up the whole situation. And if Lazzaro was unequal in his inventions and frequently feeble in his execution, he, too, had his happy moments. The "*S. Veneranda*," of Vienna, shows quite as distinct a discovery in composition as Alvise Vivarini's great altar-pieces at Berlin, and the whole Car-



paccian formula of narrative design is already present in the little pieces representing the story of St. Jerome in the Brera and at Vienna, so much so indeed that when Carpaccio came to treat the same subject he had only to modify, and, let us add, improve his master's conception. To have discovered, or rather to have quarried from Jacopo Bellini, that loose formula of composition so admirably adapted to pictorial narration is surely a noteworthy claim to remembrance. About one of the works, here attributed to Bastiani, there has already been some controversy. The great picture in the National Gallery of the "Doge Mocenigo Kneeling before the Virgin" has always borne the name of Carpaccio. That it is strikingly Carpaccian in color and technique is true, but none of the forms are characteristic of him, and there is every reason to think that it was painted at a time when Carpaccio had scarcely finished his training. Dr. Ludwig is therefore, it appears, quite right in restoring to Carpaccio's master this dignified and serious work, which forms, indeed, his chief claim to recognition.<sup>1</sup>

Coming now to Carpaccio's early works, our authors dispose of Ruskin's idea that the eight curious panels in St. Alvisé are juvenile works by Vittore himself. They, however, give them very decisively to Bastiani's atelier, and suppose for them an early date. If they grant so much, it is a little difficult to see on what grounds they decisively reject that one of Bastiani's pupils of whose wayward and irresponsible genius they seem so delightful a foretaste. Frankly, unless we are to suppose with Mary Logan that they are quite late Carpacciesque pastiches, we know of no Venetian artist other than Carpaccio who had quite

the humorous spontaneity, quite the reckless directness of narration that these panels evince. Moreover, the horse in the "Fall of Jericho" is so absolutely Carpaccio's horse (compare, for instance, the horse in St. Vitalis) that it must be either by him or after him. To us, at all events, these panels appear to possess the quintessence of Carpaccio's peculiar temperamental genius as yet unaffected by reverence for any conventions of style, of perspective, of drawing, or composition.

Carpaccio was occupied during the greater part of his life in carrying out extensive schemes of decorations for the "common-rooms" of the minor *scuole*. These minor *scuole* were really very humble institutions, maintained by small tradespeople partly for charity, partly for that mutual support of their self-esteem which forms so strong a tie even to-day among the less cultivated circles of the middle classes. One could probably get a pretty clear idea of the tone of a meeting of these brethren of the minor guilds by attending at a Masonic lodge in one of the genteel outer suburbs of London. These good people probably "knew nothing about art, but knew what they liked"; and they liked Carpaccio, which showed their honest good sense and freedom from snobbism. They did not want Gentile Bellini, with his high and academic design, and they felt no compulsion, like the major guilds, to employ him because of his reputation with *cognoscenti*. But if their predilections are intelligible enough, it is hard to understand how our learned authors can have placed Gentile side by side with Carpaccio, as they have done, and then lectured Gentile for being an inferior artist, and critics for repeating parrot-like, his praises. It is difficult to understand how, even accepting the examples they have chosen for comparison, they were not instantly struck by the fact that Gentile, whatever his

<sup>1</sup>In the list of works by Lazzaro Bastiani our authors omit to mention the "Madonna and Child" which Mr. Claude Phillips discovered a few years ago in a private collection, and which now hangs in the National Gallery.



peculiarities, drew with a great sense of style, a feeling for the harmonious relations of lines (indeed he is singular among Venetians for his linear design), a rare, almost Whistlerian sense of tone relations and atmospheric quality, and a knowledge of composition, all of which things Carpaccio would never even have understood, much less have practised. It is not, as they seem to think, a question of priority—it may well be that Carpaccio did *genre* scenes before Gentile ever attempted them—but a question of artistic quality, and in this Bellini's superiority appears to me immeasurable.

But let us return from this æsthetic digression to Carpaccio's work at the *scuole*. Nothing could be more admirable than the patience and method with which Dr. Ludwig has succeeded in reconstructing nearly the whole of these sumptuous decorations—finding out the exact measurements of the walls, now in many cases destroyed, the position of the windows, the incidence of light, and, in consequence, the sequence of the paintings in their original setting. It is really a delightful example of the best antiquarian research, and as a result we can now picture to ourselves the interiors of these various *scuole* as they were when Carpaccio first let in the impatient brethren of the guild to the "private view." One cannot doubt that a series like the St. Ursula would gain immensely by being restored to a building of the old dimensions and lighting; even the "Apotheosis of the Saint," a horror in its present position and lighting, might become at least satisfactory in the dimness of the unlighted altar wall of such a small chapel as that which originally held it. Already a movement is arising for decentralizing works of art; for replacing in their original surroundings those works of secondary and mainly decorative import which have lost almost all their charm by being huddled to-

gether in the vast cemeteries of State museums. We hope that the day may come when the chapel of St. Ursula's school will be re-erected according to Dr. Ludwig's plans under the shelter of S.S. Giovanni and Paolo, and when Carpaccio's series of charming and care-free decorations may find once more its real *raison d'être*. The whole history of the school of St. Ursula is traced by our authors with exemplary care, and good reasons are given for recognizing in Carpaccio's paintings the portraits of prominent patrons of the guild and of their relatives. For the most part, however, these people were much more interesting to the other members of the guild than they can possibly be to us, and the recognition of their portraits becomes almost an archaeological spot-stroke.

The decorations carried out for the other guilds were none of them so complete and extensive as the St. Ursula, but the story of each of these small guilds, as told by our authors, has its special interest, such, for instance, as the guild of the exiled Albanians who decorated the front of their Albergo with a relief of the siege of Scutari. The whole façade remains to this day a delightful surprise to the pedestrian who threads his way through the narrow Calle towards St. Vitale and the Accademia. For these Albanians, too, Carpaccio did his series of the "Life of the Virgin," now scattered throughout various galleries, and here brought together completely for the first time. In these there is already a marked change in his manner, the beginnings of a sense of style in composition of which hitherto he had been innocent. The birth of the Virgin at Bergamo is, indeed, a well-balanced and harmonious composition. It would seem as though about this period Carpaccio became aware of the existence of a whole body of principles in the art of design of which he had known nothing hereto-

fore. This change is emphasized yet more strongly in the next series, that of the "Life of St. Stephen," for the Scuola di Santo Stefano. Dr. Ludwig and Signor Molmenti, occupied as they are primarily with antiquarian and historical interests, do not call attention to this remarkable change, which yet is full of interest for the student of Carpaccio's art. It shows him to have been able, when quite a middle-aged man, to learn from his contemporaries a new view of composition and a more strenuous standard of execution. This point will be evident if we compare any of the St. Stephen pictures with any of the St. George and St. Tryphonius series. In the St. George pictures there is, properly speaking, no composition, but instead a mere addition of one item after another as the fancy struck the artist. The narrative is told, it is true, and well told, because Carpaccio had a native gift of rendering the more obviously expressive gestures, but it is not told with any art, with any idea of emphasis or eloquence, nor is there sufficient harmony between the parts to bring about even a satisfactory decorative unity. But if we turn to the "Ordination of the Seven Deacons" at Berlin we find the story told with a certain dignity and persuasiveness; the figure of Peter is finely isolated and more nobly posed than any figure of the earlier series, and the figures surrounding him are related in groups with a certain rhythmical flow of line. In the background depth is obtained by a happier use of perspective than heretofore, and the various divisions of the landscape have less the air of being successive side scenes pushed into the composition from either wing. This is in fact a curiously orthodox, almost academic, composition for Carpaccio. The "St. Stephen Disputing," of the Brera, has much of his native quaintness and odd charm, but it, too, is more held together, as well

as more noble in its interpretation of character, more seriously imagined, than any of the earlier works. The "Stephen Preaching" is again a finely thought-out composition, with a clear purpose shown in the massing and piling up of the buildings in the background; altogether a design such as one could not have augured from the helpless ignorance of such problems shown in the "Triumph of St. George." Finally, in the "Stoning of Stephen," at Stuttgart, Carpaccio, so long the merely entertaining narrator, becomes for once seriously dramatic, and his native ingenuity and spontaneity help him to create a really moving design. So far from declining at the end of his life, as our authors suggest, it would seem that he was only just at the end learning to use his great native gifts, no longer in a haphazard and extempore fashion, but with deliberate purpose and newly enlightened mind. Even the very latest painting, the St. Paul, brought to light by our authors for the first time, has a dignity and grandeur in the silhouette of which one could find no trace in his earlier works.<sup>2</sup>

What, one wonders, was the cause of this great change? We may perhaps guess that it came from contact with a new group of artists with bigger ideas and more scrupulous execution than had obtained in the Bastiani workshop. And there is this to support such a view, that there are traces of a familiarity with Cima da Conegliano's works. Without going into details of formal resemblances one may cite Carpaccio's "Death of the Virgin," at Ferrara, dated 1508 (i.e. shortly before the Stephen series), in which not only the main idea but individual heads are taken direct from Cima's version

<sup>2</sup> The very late painting of the "Lion of St. Mark" is also one of Carpaccio's most perfect works. For the reasons given above, the "Dead Christ," at Berlin, would seem rather to belong to the early or middle period of his career.

of the theme. Again, in the "Presentation of the Virgin," in the same series, there is considerable likeness with Cima's painting of that subject. Finally, in the "Ordination of the Deacons" the landscape is no longer of Bastian's type, as heretofore, but definitely Cimesque, while the St. Peter is also Cimesque in pose and drapery.

To some it may seem improbable that so strong an individuality as Carpaccio's would come under the influence of a more derivative artist like Cima, but if Cima lacked Carpaccio's ruder and more instinctive talents he was a far more scholarly designer and a more accomplished painter, and he possessed, moreover, a much more delicate and scrupulous taste, all of which qualities one may suppose Carpaccio to have been quick enough to perceive and wise enough to emulate.

To Dr. Ludwig and Signor Molmenti, then, Carpaccio is merely a great artist. They scarcely endeavor to define the kind of greatness he exemplified. Mistaking the actual for the real, they speak much of the truth of his art, contrasting it with the supposedly false idealism of others. Now in all the greater truths of art, truths of construction, truths of dramatic feeling and expression, Carpaccio was singularly lacking. He had, on the other hand, an extraordinary native gift for mimicry, a quickness in observing, and a childlike directness in recording the more obvious aspects of pose and gesture. One feels him to have been simple, unreflecting, genial, and humorous. He reflects admirably the materialism of the Venetian temperament, but he colors it with a playful fancy which redeems it altogether from Philistine grossness. To him, however, it never becomes transfigured, as in Giambellini, with deep imaginative sympathy or religious *rêverie*. His taste, in the matter of form, is constantly at fault; he inclines in all his accessories

to a futile repetition of meagre units. As an extreme instance of this one may take the architectural background in his drawing for the "Presentation in the Temple," in the Uffizi. But the same will apply to his treatment of all architectural accessories and furniture. On the other hand, in the matter of color, he had both fine taste and rich invention. His color, it is true, never becomes an organ for the expression of rare and exalted moods, as it does with Bellini and Giorgione, but it has extreme decorative beauty, and it has the common qualities of Venetian color, its geniality, its glow and generosity, in rare perfection.

Such an artist as Carpaccio must always, one would think, appear delightful and lovable, like the fairy stories of our childhood, since, like them, he demands no intellectual effort on the part of the spectator, but only a kindly interest and curiosity in the thread of his story. Burne-Jones, in a letter quoted by our authors, summed up the situation admirably when he said that Gentile Bellini won his respect, but Carpaccio his love. We love him for the frankness of his failings as well as for the untouched spontaneity of his talent; but while we do well to love him, we should never confuse our sense of values so far as to offer him our respect.

If Dr. Ludwig's work on Carpaccio stood alone it would still be a remarkable monument to his memory. But it does not. On almost every period and every branch of Venetian art he has thrown a flood of much-needed daylight; and when one reads in Signor Molmenti's pathetic preface of the terrible conditions of illness and suffering under which he accomplished this work, one cannot but join in his deep admiration of the man's character and in envy of the enthusiasm which carried him on till the very last, hopeful, eager, and disinterested; for his devo-

tion to truth was absolute and entirely untinged by personal ambitions. He wanted to find out the truth, and he cared very little who got the glory of the discovery so long as the truth was made known. To myself it is a real pleasure to bear witness to his kindly

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helpfulness, his chivalrous generosity in communicating to a much younger and scarcely known writer the advantage of all the information which he had patiently excavated from archives or acquired in his frequent journeys to remote country places.

*Roger Fry.*

### JOSEPH CONRAD: A DISQUISITION.

In the composition of a certain plant, chemists have found a liquid volatile alkaloid, known by the name of nicotine. Found nowhere else, this essence makes the plant tobacco.

And so it is with writers—at least, with great ones. To the composition of them many qualities and powers contribute, but at the back of all there is secreted something that differentiates the species.

Now in the writer Joseph Conrad there is present behind his art, and the conscious qualities ranged in service to express it, a certain cosmic spirit, a power of taking the reader down below the surface to the earth's heart, to watch the process that, in its slow, inexorable courses, has formed a crust, to which are clinging all our little different living shapes. He has the power of making his reader feel the inevitable oneness of all things that be, of breathing into him a sense of solace that he himself is part of a great unknown Unity.

The irony of things is a nightmare weighing on man's life, because he has so little of this cosmic spirit; the little that he has he frequently distrusts, for it seems to him destructive of the temples that he builds, the gardens he lays out, the coins he circulates from hand to hand. He goes in fear of death and of the universe in which he lives, nor can he bear to think that he is bound up with a Scheme that seems to him so careless of his own important life.

The Universe is always saying: The little part called man is smaller than the whole!

Man cannot grasp that statement. He ducks his head resentfully beneath his wing, and hides from contemplation of this truth. It is he who thus creates the irony of things.

Joseph Conrad's writings have the power of persuading man to peep out now and then and see that whole of which he is so small a part. There is no other living English novelist that so reveals the comfort and the beauty of the mystery in which we live, no other that can make us feel how small and stupid, how unsafe and momentary, solution is. If, at the bottom of our hearts, below our network of defences, we did not feel uncertainty, we should expire—suffocated in the swaddling bands of safety—we could not breathe the stagnant air with which we try to fill our houses. It is the essence of this writer to let in the wind with its wild, mysterious savour.

To understand nothing is to love everything. The moment that we really understand, we are no longer curious; but to be curious is to be in love. The man who has the cosmic spirit knows that he will never understand; he spends his life, inquiringly, in love. Nothing is too squalid, too small, too unconventional or remote for him to gaze on and long to know. Joseph Conrad was born in love with knowledge, but he was also born in love with mystery;

in a word, he is a lover of the Universe. And so it is that on his canvases the figures he has loved pass and repass across a background that he has loved as much or even more; they step forth and sink back into the great Scheme from which all came and into which we all return. They stand before a backcloth that has not only the dimensions of height and breadth, but that of thickness, a backcloth into which is woven the whole cosmic plan; they live and breathe without detachment, phenomena of the process which has brought them forth. Epic, often, in their tragedy and comedy, what makes them epic is the feeling they inspire, that, for all their firm reality and detailed, everyday existence, they are shapes embodying the evolution and the devolution of the spheres. Neither exalted to the abasement of the Scheme that brought them forth, nor abased to the exaltation of their author—they have their just position on the plan of life.

In the novels of Balzac and Charles Dickens there is the feeling of environment, of the growth of men from men. In the novels of Turgenev the characters are bathed in light; Nature with her many moods is all around, but man is first. In the novels of Joseph Conrad, Nature is first, man second. The certainty of this is not obtruded on the reader, it reaches him in subtle ways; it does not seem conveyed by conscious effort, but through a sort of temperamental distillation. And it is this feeling for, and prepossession with, the manifestations of mysterious forces that gives this writer his unique position among novelists. The cosmic spirit is not in many men, but in all that have it there is something of the unethical morality of Nature. Things, for them, have no beginning and no end. Such men stand and watch the plants spring up; watch those plants growing by the same process that

brought them into life; watch them in the end returning to the mould from which they came. The virtues of this cosmic spirit are a daring curiosity and courageous resignation; its value to the world is in correspondence with its rarity.

If men were not disharmonic, there would be no irony of things. We jut out everywhere, and fail to see how we are jutting out. We seek solutions, raise our flags, work our arms and legs loyally in the isolated fields that come within our vision, but, having no feeling for the whole, the work we do is departmental. The war of the departments is the game we understand; we spend our lives keeping up the ball and taking down the score. The race of men is a race of partisans feeding their pigeon-holes with contradictory reports of life, and when a fellow comes and lays a summary on the desk, they look at him askance; but the future pays attention, for the impartial is all that it has time for.

Art inspired by cosmic spirit is, in fact, the only document that can be trusted, the only evidence that Time does not destroy. Artists are the eyes of that human figure which symbolizes human life, and if this figure is to see its way at all, its eyes must pierce and be unflinching. Myopia, a cast or squint, a habit of looking on the ground or at the sky—these sight-defects are dangerous to the whole body; the things such eyes perceive are not the things that are; and in the voyage of long discovery that man is set on, all shoals not definitely marked, all rocks not accurately seen, all winds not strictly registered, together with the ungauged fluctuations of the man himself, his tides of temper, his caprices, and his dreads—these are set-backs to the fortune of the voyage.

The just envisagement of things is the first demand we make of art; it is



art's spirit; then comes the manner of expression, for the quality of art is obviously the quality of its technical expression. No man can change the spirit born in him, but daily, hourly, he does change the manner of its setting forth. All that he sees and hears, reads, writes, and thinks of, even what he dreams, mould and modify the form of his production. The fuller the traditions and life that flood an author's consciousness, the finer, so long as he keeps his powers, will be the texture of his output.

This writer, Joseph Conrad, born of families of Polish gentry who suffered in the rebellion of 1863, sharing as a child his parents' exile, spending his early manhood as a sailor, has laid up a strange store of thought, tradition, life, and language, and on his manner of production this has stamped itself. As in a fine carpet, with lapse of time, the colors grow more subtle, more austere, so in the carpet of this writer's weaving the bewildering richness of his earlier books is sobered to the clearer, cooler colors of the later. *Almayer's Folly*, *The Outcast of the Islands*, *Tales of Unrest*—his first three books—were in a sense surcharged; they gleamed, they were luxuriant, like the tropics where their scenes were laid; they had a certain animal delight in their abundance; they rioted. With *The Nigger of the Narcissus*—that real epic of the sea—the carpet begins to tone; through *Youth* and *Lord Jim* this process of toning is at work, till in *Typhoon* and, above all, in *Falk* a perfect mellowness is reached. *Nostromo*, in some respects his most amazing work, reveals the carpet, as after a visit to the cleaner's, harsher again in color, somewhat patchy, but *The Mirror of the Sea*, which followed on *Nostromo*, displays it in an evening light, worn to a soberer beauty. As to *The Secret Agent*, our latest glimpse of Joseph Conrad's carpet, the colors are clear

and quiet, though we are shown them in a hard, unsparing light.

The writing of these ten books is probably the only writing of the last twelve years that will enrich the English language to any great extent. Other writers will better clarify and mould; this writer, by the native wealth of his imagery, by a more daring and a subtler use of words, brings something new to the fund of English letters. The faults of style are obvious, the merit is the merit of unconscious, and unforced, and, in a sense, of accidental novelty. Style is inseparable from that which it expresses, and all that we should fling aside, and rightly, as exotic, if it expressed a futile spirit in new words and images, we instinctively accept with all its flaws when it clothes true insight into life. A language is avid of fresh blood, of all that ministers to health and stamina; like a human being, it assimilates the cake and rejects the country rock. All that is country rock in Joseph Conrad's writings falls away; all that is not has passed into the English tongue.

Writers of any courage sometimes descend on to the little earth of creatures they have created, and ask: "Are these persons really living—is it blood, or is it sawdust, in these veins? I'll try them with a pin!" And with a pin they go, searching for soft spots, but they never run it in; they are not looking for another's vulnerable spots—any blood or sawdust that came out would, unfortunately, be their own. Precious to themselves, they must preserve the little creatures they have made. So that, though when they return to heaven they say: "This or that one's very woody!" in their hearts they do not feel them so, for it was they who made them.

But the reader of any courage need not, nor to do him justice does he often, spare the bodkin.



On the earth of Joseph Conrad the population teems; and, having tried them with a bodkin, we find very few with sawdust in their veins. Some, it is true, such as the hero in *Lord Jim*, or the husband in the story *The Return*, have been so violently attracted by the man who made them that, like true worshippers, they refuse to stand upon their legs. Intended for stupid men, with the brains and nerves of such, they will not, out of longing to resemble their creator, admit that they are stupid. They pray so to be like him, that their prayer has sometimes been a little heard; they voice too much the thoughts of their creator. But they are few. Oftener—like Captain MacWhirr and Mr. Jukes in *Typhoon*, and Mr. Baker of *The Nigger*; like the girl in *Falk*; the elderly French lieutenant in *Lord Jim*: “a quiet, massive chap in a creased uniform, sitting drowsily over a tumbler half-full of some dark liquid”; like the ragged Russian in the *Heart of Darkness*; like Karain the Malay, and Stein the naturalist; like Nostromo’s Doctor Monygham; Stevie, Inspector Heat, the Perfect Anarchist, and Mrs. Verloc in *The Secret Agent*—they stand up very straight and undismayed, not in the limelight needful to the figures of more fashionable children of the brain; not in the high, dry light of Fielding, Thackeray, or Henry James; not in Turgenev’s limpid, sorrowing sunlight; but in a shadowy glamor of their own. Breathing and palpable, clothed firmly in their suitable flesh, they are yet elusive, as though jealous of displaying those dynamic powers which they concrete. They have something of the quality and something of the coloring seen in a Leonardo picture; they quiver with the strength of their vitality; they move amongst black shadows. For Joseph Conrad is an artist who paints in orange, Vandyke-brown, blue, silver, and lamp-black, whose poetry is sci-

ence, and whose science poetry. And always round these figures, above them, and below are felt those restless forces, too potent in their restlessness for man, too little potent for the unchanging rhythm that keeps their restlessness controlled.

There is a natural tendency in departmental man, and perhaps especially in Englishmen, to demand of authors that they shall make for our enjoyment so-called “interesting” characters—not common sailors, anarchists, or outcasts of the islands—but persons of a certain rank and fashion; persons living not in “sordid squalor,” but in gilt-edged certainty; persons not endued with the heroism and the failings of poor human nature, but with gentility; in a word, persons really “interesting.” This is the great defect of Joseph Conrad’s writings. Lamentably lacking in the power of envisaging the world as the private property of a single class, lamentably curious, lamentably sympathetic with all kinds of men, he has failed dismally to produce a single book dealing solely with the upper classes. All sorts of common people come upon his stage, and in such a careless way; not that we may laugh at them, or note the eccentric habits of their kind, but that we may see them breathing in their oxygen, loving and dying, more alive and kicking than the veriest *bourgeois* of us all. It is a grievous fault! That one who paints a gentleman as well as Joseph Conrad can, should choose to paint Verloc, and give us insight, such as few have given, into a fellow-creature so remarkably deficient in gentility—this is indeed a waste of force! For, departmental as we are, we feel we only want to know the things that help us to be departmental. Before the departmental man there shines a climbing star. The stars that he who has the cosmic spirit sees are stars that never climb; fixed as fate, they throw their rays.

But there is one faculty of Joseph Conrad's writings for which even departmental Britons may be grateful. It is his kindly diagnosis of the departmental Briton. Prisoners in the cells of our own nationality, we never see ourselves; it is reserved for one outside looking through the tell-tale peep-hole to get a proper view of us. So much the better when the eye that peeps is loving! In the whole range of his discovery there is no man that better pleases Joseph Conrad than this same departmental Briton, man of action, man of simple faith, man unvisited by hesitation—in sum, the man of enterprise, with all his qualities and limitations. He has painted this type a dozen times—Captains Lingard, Allison, MacWhirr, Mr. Baker, Mr. Jukes, Mr. Creighton, Inspector Heat, and many more.

Detached by temperament and blood, this writer sees that sort of Briton with a tender irony that brings out all his foibles, but also an essential sturdiness of soul which makes him one to have beside you on a dark and windy night. Seeing him objectively and without confusion, knowing him personally in all those hours that test the temper of the heart, and having felt his value at first hand, Joseph Conrad has hung on our too-little grateful walls the most seizing portraits of the man of action that our literature can show. For evidence as poignant of this type we have to go to Speke's delicious, naïve presentment of himself in his journal of the Nile's discovery. We learn, subjectively, from that what Speke had no desire to tell, no interest in telling, no power of seeing when the tale was told; we learn, reading between the

lines, with our tongues pressed against our cheeks, what a force is "no imagination"; we learn, too, with our tongues restored, the meaning of the word "indomitable." But to learn from Speke's unconscious revelation we must have our wits about us and construct his figure for ourselves; to learn from Joseph Conrad's object-pictures we need only eyes.

Side by side with these impervious spirits he has been through all the peril of the sea, watching to see how they would take it, and he has found they took it very well. So there has grown up in his heart a laughing admiration, a sense of safety and reliance on a kind of man who really would be frightened if he could; and with that laughing admiration he has set him down, not once, but many times.

In the features of those truthful portraits one seems to read the kindly artist's verdict: "On a lee shore, sirs, there are worse things than 'no imagination'!"

There hang the pictures if we had eyes!

Eyes; it seems a little thing! But to "see" is the greatest gift of all. The surface of the world is open enough to everybody's gaze; that which lies behind the surface is what lies in the gazer's soul, the beauty which everyday phenomena evoke out of the seer's consciousness. Everything is beautiful to those who have the humor to perceive. Birth and decay, virtue and vice, youth and old age, even the real and touching value of the departmental Briton—all these the seer Joseph Conrad sees, and has put in terms of a profound philosophy.

*John Galsworthy.*

## PROBATIONARY.

## III.

Veronica received a telegram at breakfast. She was to meet Dick at twelve under the elms: something had happened. The yellow envelope added to the sense of estrangement that hung over the breakfast-table. Nothing was said, but Colonel Masefield vented his disapproval in other channels. The toast was burnt; the kidneys were cold; the leader in "The Herald" was inane—he would change his morning paper. Mrs. Masefield looked a little more tired and worried than usual. They were indulgent parents, but Veronica's engagement to Dick French was a trial to them both. Dick was penniless, and Veronica had fifty pounds a-year. As a prospective Superintendent in the Indian Police, Dick might eventually be in a position to marry, so the engagement had been tolerated. But Dick's failure to pass his examination altered the case. Colonel Masefield had spoken to the boy. Veronica, he said, was too young to know her own mind,—he had his doubts of this,—and an inconsiderate engagement might spoil her life. A girl of such charm and personality might fill a very distinguished position. To this Dick subscribed with all his heart. The Colonel's insistence on his ineligibility was needless. Dick protested that he was utterly unworthy: he was prepared for his dismissal, ready to take himself off at a word from Veronica. But Veronica was firm. She would not relinquish him, and her parents, who were at heart unworldly, had come to recognize a mature consistency in the girl. Also they liked Dick. "The boy has grit," the Colonel admitted, "if he has no brains." He himself had married indiscreetly as a subaltern when his regiment was stationed in a malarious swamp where his wife could not join

him. Veronica's parents may have remembered the dogged front with which they had met opposition twenty years back. Anyhow, Veronica was not forbidden to see Dick, though the engagement was discouraged. In the meanwhile Dick was going to move mountains.

At half-past ten, when Veronica was getting herself ready to obey Dick's summons, Dick was sitting in a chair in St. Paul's Churchyard absorbed in a Telugu grammar. A letter by the early post had affected him strangely. Before nine o'clock he was hurrying from his rooms in St. John's Wood to an Oriental bookseller's in Ludgate Circus. The telegram to Veronica was despatched on the way. And now with a blue-coated, red-braided postman on one side of him resting his bag, and a bonneted charwoman on the other, he sat under that great fane and made his first acquaintance with those spidery characters that were to be familiar to him for the rest of his life. The scene often recurred to him in after days when he sat with his munshi under the groaning punkah at Kordinghee or received petitions at his tent-door at Lingapuram. He remembered the bronze-and-slate-colored pigeons of St. Paul's pecking at the pavement all round his seat, the tilt of the charwoman's bonnet, the mole on the postman's cheek, and the first opening of the book at the alphabet when he had tortured those old Dravidian symbols into the sequence of tailed and straddled noughts and crosses which spelt Veronica.

An hour afterwards, and half an hour too early, he was waiting for her under the elms. Every dimly hatted object seen afar off teased his imagination. He even invested one or two with the mantle of her charm, but as

these unconsecrated ones approached, he noticed that they walked, strode, waddled, looked ungainly, self-conscious, prim, assertive, negligible at a quarter of a mile; whereas Veronica was borne towards him on feet of grace. He scanned the paths leading from the Bayswater Road, and then swung round towards Knightsbridge and Kensington High Street, as if he half expected Veronica to drop from the horizon at his feet while his gaze was fixed elsewhere. In one of these great arteries Veronica lived; in the other there were shops which she graced almost daily. Dick's gaze was riven between the two. He had been sitting there all day, he thought, when he looked at his watch and found she was ten minutes late. After another æon it was a quarter past twelve. He felt that it was impossible that she could come, and then he saw a gauzy, upright figure float into shape by the Round Pond. Influenced by an impulse of self-torture, Dick squeezed himself tighter into his chair and buried himself in his book. How he was punished! What unaccountable rustlings followed! How interminable was the passage of his divinity! Veronica was not deceived; she divined the impulse and its cause, and stood quietly in the long grass twenty yards behind his chair. Dick bore it for thirty seconds. Then he surrendered abjectly. He rose and faced her, reproach sunk in adoration.

"Silly Dick!" she said. "What is that book you were pretending to read?"

"It is a Telugu grammar."

"What is Telugu?"

"It is the language I've got to learn."

"But why?"

"For my work."

A dawning suspicion rose in her eyes.

"Tell me, Dick, quickly. Why did you telegraph?"

He had meant to hold her in sus-

pense, to watch the happiness steal into her eyes as the realization of the news and what it meant to them disentangled itself from his casual talk of his "work" and the new language he was learning.

"They call it the Italian of the East," he said. "Do you think it sounds pretty? *Gorralu, Dorigadu, Lagavaddu.*"

"Tell me at once, Dick."

"Is there no method to tell her in Telugu—"

June is twice June since she breathed it with me?"

"If you don't tell me at once, I will never speak to you again."

She extracted the tale with threats like an inquisitor.

"It's all right," he said, when he was fairly beaten. "I am in the Police. A poor fellow called Doune has crooked up. I am next on the list."

"Oh, but how splendid!"

"Didn't you guess?"

"I knew something had happened because you asked me to meet you here. Don't you remember I told you the day we went to the Zoo that the next time we met here everything would be all right, and you wouldn't believe me? Now tell me all about it."

Dick was to sail in six weeks. His salary would be 250 rupees a-month while he was a Probationer. He would be stationed somewhere in the north of the Madras Presidency. It was impossible to say when they would be able to marry. Every one had a different story. A civilian's wife from Calcutta had told Mrs. Masefield that her daughter could not possibly live on less than 1200 rupees a-month. Dick had a friend in the Punjab who fixed 600 as the lowest figure, and Veronica knew a dear little woman in the Central Provinces, the wife of a captain in a native regiment, who said that "they might manage quite well on 350 if they were careful."

For a moment practical affairs absorbed them.

"Two hundred and fifty one-and-four pences is an enormous sum," Veronica said. "We can put it all in a box at the beginning of the month, and take out ten rupees every day. You can shoot our dinner. Then there is my fifty pounds a-year, which will be enough for my dress if we live in a quiet place, and I will make your clothes."

"No, thank you," Dick said. "But, seriously, it may be seven years before I get 600 rupees a-month. We can't possibly wait till then. You would be twenty-five."

"I am coming out with you."

"No, darling. I would rather die than have you rough it."

"I am quite as strong as Lady Burton was."

They fell to talking of adventures, of tigers, and snakes, and ghazis, and dacoits. Dick was never to go out without a gun, never to shoot tigers except from an elephant, or to walk about at night without top-boots. Veronica was well read in books of Eastern travel and Anglo-Indian fiction.

"You must remember, Dick," she said, "every bush you pass may have a tiger behind it, and whenever you sit down there may be a snake under your chair. And mind you never let a man come up behind you. He might be a ghazi."

"You needn't bother about ghazis, darling. They don't often get south of Peshawur. But it's tiffin-time. Let's begin by being Anglo-Indian at once. I'll take you to Mitra's in Bond Street, and we will go the whole hog—mulligatawny, pillau, and chicken curry."

"No, Dick, I am going to take you home to lunch. We are properly engaged now, and we are going to be married, and I am very proud of my eligible policeman."

So Dick went home with Veronica, and was received again into the bosom of the family. The two were infec-

tiously happy. The Masefield citadel was stormed and fell. Dick stayed to tea, and he stayed to dinner, and Colonel Masefield sat up with him long after Veronica had gone to bed giving him old-fashioned advice.

"Keep the natives in their place, my boy. They will think all the more of you for it. And never trust any of them farther than you can help. I don't mean that you should be brusque and insular with them, because you know you can't be too polite to a man, whatever his color. There is no need to tell a sahib that. You remember what Lord Chesterfield said: 'There are but two *procédés* in the world for a gentleman and a man of parts, extreme politeness or knocking down.' Always treat a man as a gentleman until he has proved that he is not; you will find that a gentleman is the same all the world over, whether his skin is black or white or yellow, and you will meet as many in India as anywhere else. The Hindus are a most courteous race. And here is another piece of advice, don't be afraid of undertaking a responsibility. You are sure to make mistakes at first, but you will get on. I am certain of it."

It was a proud night for Dick. It was settled that Veronica should come out to him as soon as he was earning five hundred rupees a-month. But neither Dick nor Veronica knew how long that would be.

#### IV.

Like other young men, Dick had had to say good-bye. He had heard the cabman cough outside in the street as the minutes passed, and the grating of the hansom that was going to take him away. He had listened to Veronica's broken cheerful voice, and her heroic efforts not to cry; he had had to turn his back on her, and walk out of the room and shut the door without looking behind, and he had not been able to

speak her name or even to say "good-bye."

The strangeness of the East helped him to pass the first weeks of utter loneliness. Then he settled down resolutely to earn Veronica.

When he had spent six weeks at the Probationers' Training College in Madras he was despatched to Waltair, whence he wrote her an enthusiastic letter dwelling on the free and happy life of the Anglo-Indian bride. "We will have a lovely time," he wrote. "Every one has a jolly little bungalow separated from the rest of the world by a wide compound, all overgrown with hibiscus and the most gorgeous bougainvillea. I have settled on the one we will have if I am here when you come out. It is on the top of a hill overlooking the sea. The sea is quite blue, and the sky is blue without a break of cloud, and the earth is a kind of dull glowing red—laterite, or sandstone, or something. The whole color effect is vivid: when you sketch it no one will believe it. You will like Waltair ever so much better than England."

He went on to talk of married life in India. There was a Mrs. Lisle in Waltair, who had just come out to marry a man in the Indian Civil Service, and the two were serenely happy. Dick observed the pair with a vicarious interest, which grew into an intimacy that flattered the civilian's wife. For as he watched her he remembered his own home that was to be, and there was a light in his eyes. When he dined with them, he was abstracted. He saw Veronica sitting in the chair of his hostess, the two or three guests she had charmed with her radiant beauty and high spirits, and himself sitting opposite glowing with pride and delight; yet, when she had gone into the drawing-room, talking of trivial things, as if the possession of her was the most ordinary thing in the world,

though he was longing all the while to say to his friends, "Isn't she splendid? Did you ever imagine that any woman could be so beautiful?"

Dick arrived in Waltair in the middle of Christmas week, and found a scene of gaiety which he knew would please Veronica, who disliked occasions when folk herded together for no reasonable purpose. She had written to him describing herself at a "tea-fight" in Kensington, after a round of calls with her mother. "I was so bored," she said, "that I almost lost consciousness. I must have talked the most dreadful nonsense, and had a stony feeling all over as if I were crammed up with cement; and I felt if mother didn't go in five minutes I should scream." Dick told her that after they were married she need never go to a tea-fight again. "People meet in India," he said, "as much as they do at home, but always to do things." And he described the week. There had been a tennis and golf tournament, two dances, a big duck-shoot arranged by the club at a lake forty miles out of the station, and a race-meeting, in which Dick had won one race on his chief's pony, and was just beaten in another. He rambled on, covering six sheets, dwelling on the delightful intimacy that was in store for them, the strangeness and charm of the new life, and the interest of everything Indian and Anglo-Indian.

But dejection brooded in the end of his letter. Every married man or woman gave him advice which he found hard to listen to. There seemed to be a conspiracy to postpone their marriage beyond the period of three years, which the two had fixed as the limit of their waiting. As a Probationary Assistant, Dick only drew 250 rupees a-month. In a few months he would have 300 if he passed his examinations. But in the ordinary course of events he would not be draw-



ing 400 until he had been in the service five years. The only chance of promotion lay in a lucky accident, or in some brilliant *coup* on Dick's part. In the meanwhile it was difficult to keep out of debt. His contemporaries had bought rifles and ponies that incited his envy. They were mortgaging their reversionary pay for loans at high interest; but Dick made up his mind "to sit tight and pig it." Debt at the start would be robbing Veronica; she loved nice things in the house, and she should have them. So he muddled along with his ineffectual Winchester rifle and his rickety old double-cylinder hammer gun that had been out to India for two generations, and his eighteen-year-old country-bred, a washy chestnut that progressed side-ways on three legs, and was called the King Crab.

At the end of six months a transfer improved Dick's pecuniary position, but not his peace of mind. An outstation, seven days from the coast, where his travelling allowance often exceeded his month's pay, and was supplemented by further allowances given to those who live at the back of beyond, made for retrenchment, but it opened his eyes as to the kind of home in which Veronica might be called upon to live. When Dick was considered experienced enough to stand on his own official legs, he was posted to Kordinghee in the Zemindari of the same name, a district in these days far removed from any railway, buried away in that remote, unheard-of borderland where the western spurs of the Ghats level off into the Central Provinces. The hilly malarious country which lies between Kordinghee and the east coast is known locally as the Matiahs. Dick found it a country of fever, discomfort, and isolation, but in the outlying parts of it there were certain wild beasts whose presence mitigated his exile. He bought a cordite rifle, of which Veronica professed to be jeal-

ous, for it took up a whole third of one of his letters to her. He christened it one glorious day, when he shot a fine bull bison which he had stalked from morning to sunset, and brought down like a ton of solid masonry as the beast charged him in the *sâl* forest.

Dick found no other Englishmen at Kordinghee. The assistant magistrate was a young Bengali of the hybrid Cambridge type, with the veneer fast wearing off,—a prig, preternaturally fat, and a bundle of touchiness. He welcomed Dick with disconcerting familiarity, adopting the spurious pseudo-jolly-good-fellow-well-met air which sits as well on men of his type as clothes on a scarecrow. Dick drew back dismayed, and the Bengali's pose veered instantly into one of injured aloofness. His lounge became a strut; his exaggerated contours seemed to be tortured into angles; the nape of his neck stiffened with an awkward dignity which his shifty eyes could not support, as he waved a fat palm at Dick, addressing him with insinuating patronage.

"Well, French, I will be here to help you for the next month, possibly later. Come to me if you want anything. In the meantime you have my authority to occupy the Red Bungalow while the police quarters are under repairs."

Dick stared at him. He thought of his mentor, Lord Chesterfield, and the two *procédés* of his code—extreme politeness and knocking down.

"Thank you, Mr. Bose," he said. "Most thoughtful of you. Good-night."

Mr. Bose became uneasy, uncertain of his official prestige. He had a vague feeling that Dick ought not to have called him Mister. Had he known the narrow margin that separated the two provinces of action in Dick's mind he would have been even more uneasy. But when Dick had gone he hunted up a volume of regulations, and consoled himself with the reflection that there were more points than one in

which French would have to take orders from him.

So it was the Red Bungalow that saw Dick's first trials at Kordinghee. He arrived in the middle of the rains. His house and office were islands in a swamp. He could keep nothing dry. His books became mildewed and spotty; insects fed on his clothes; his sola topee gradually decomposed; a photo of Veronica left on the table overnight was devoured by "silver-fish"; water leaked through the floor of his stable; the King Crab developed canker in the foot; the gut of his tennis racquet stretched and broke; the legs of his tables and admirals stood in old sardine-tins filled with water to protect them against the white ants which swarmed everywhere, bored into the rotten rafters, dropped from the ceiling amidst heaps of *débris*, undermined the verandah, and at last developed wings and immolated themselves by thousands in the lamps, dropping into Dick's soup and his whisky peg, and covering the floor with their helpless, maimed bodies, which the wingless ants, pigmies beside them, coming out in millions from unexpected crevices, carried away to their cannibal larders, leaving only the long silken wing-cases to mark the scene of carnage.

For days the rain fell in torrents, and the Red Bungalow resounded with an orchestra of different sounds made by the impact of water dropping into the pails and pans and basins placed under the leak-holes in the roof. Outside, the garden was wrapped in mist, through which nothing could be seen but the gloomy apparitions of the teak-trees drooping their huge, sordid, deprecating leaves, vignetting his isolation. Throughout this deluge Dick's only visitors were snakes. Flooded out of their crannies, they entered the house, and Dick suffered a plague of them. It happened that Kordinghee was one of the few spots in India which realized

Veronica's apprehensions. The precautions she had urged on Dick, and which he had laughed at, were not exaggerated. Karalts fell from the ceiling and suspended themselves in the venetian work of the folding doors and windows, which he opened a dozen times a day. Cobras haunted his bedroom, and he would wake in the morning to discover a shiny, insinuating coil of death at the foot of his dressing-table. Dick was not afraid of dangerous big game, but the furtive malice of reptiles unnerved him. They seemed to pursue him; they dogged him like conspirators; wherever he looked for them he found them. As he sat on the verandah at night trying to absorb the Criminal Procedure Code, he heard, or fancied he heard, the slither of creeping things behind him and all round him. Sometimes when he had dozed off and forgotten about them, he would open his eyes to see a glittering black cobra glide quickly under his chair, serpentine along the verandah in the lamplight, and disappearing as quickly into the house or among the shrubs. He would jump at any unexpected contact, and then hold himself rigidly still until he was sure that it was a moth on his ankle, a slipper under his chair, or a forgotten book at his elbow. Snakes, real or imaginary, teased him into bed, where he slept under a mosquito-curtain instead of a punkah, with his riding-boots placed cautiously upside down beside him within the charmed circle of rope which he wound round his bedside every night, half believing in the traveller's tale that it secured him from invasion.

For a month or two Dick humored himself by buying things for Veronica. Instalments of parcels and cases arrived from Madras and Calcutta, and Dick opened them as her deputy. The nucleus of his furniture he found on the spot. It had belonged to a young policeman who had shot himself a few

weeks before Dick's arrival. The auction was postponed until he succeeded. The affair was sadder than a funeral, and Bose, in the character of flippancy auctioneer, accentuated the pathos of it.

"Two volumes of 'Gat's Gossip,'" he announced glibly to the Eurasian storekeeper, who with Dick, the Inspector, and the Raja's secretary, comprised the bidders. "Sure to prove an acceptable present in any Kordlinghee boudoir."

Dick bought nearly all his predecessor's effects and read his history in them. It was the story of a young man about town transplanted to Kordlinghee by the stern necessity of earning a living. None of his belongings betrayed an interest in anything beyond restaurants and music-halls. His library was made up of a dozen volumes by contributors to the *Pink 'Un*, the works of Victoria Cross and Dolf Wyllarde, and a few translations of French novels illustrated after the manner of the photographic artists of Port Said. The margins of these books were inscribed with notes on London restaurants. "Frascati's for pigeon *compôte*. Alphonsé's in Jermyn Street for after-theatre suppers *à deux*." And the fly-leaves and inside covers were scored with maps of the intricate network of streets from the Haymarket, north and east, to Holborn and Wellington Street, marked like the

plan of a battlefield with crosses and asterisks to indicate frivolous resorts, all scribbled from memory at Kordlinghee in moments when the unhappy young man tried to indulge reminiscence, with no soul to listen to his confidences save the gecko on the wall and the pariah dog, which he had domesticated and left as a legacy for Dick. Corroding home-sickness, failure in his work, debt, the rankling of official reprimands, ended in self-abhorrence and the cutting off of an ineffectual life, and indirectly in events that affected Veronica's happiness thousands of miles away.

By degrees Dick gave up buying things for the house. Mildew and mould and insects were such potent destroyers. Even common things succumbed to them in a night. Nothing of Veronica's should be profaned. He thought of her wardrobe, her dressing-case, her toilet-table, mildewed and insect-ridden, and he made up his mind that Kordlinghee should not infect those dainty and mysterious essentials—a harmony vaguely guessed at—that sheathed and enshrined her fragrant personality. He learned to face the impossibility of it. There were still two and a half years before she could sail. In the meantime he prayed for a transfer to some station worthier of her.

Edmund Candler.

Blackwood's Magazine.

(To be continued.)

## THE AMERICAN SENATE AS A SECOND CHAMBER.

When Lord Salisbury said of the American Senate, "I wish we could institute it in this country: it is marvelous in efficiency and strength," he expressed, no doubt, his momentary admiration for a Second Chamber whose chief merit just then was its total dissimilarity to the body in which he was

sitting. Greater familiarity with American politics would have saved him from this anachronism. Possibly "the case of the Lords" would not now seem so desperate to political physicians, were they permitted to diagnose the secret ailments of the Second Chamber in the United States. If Mr. Bryce

were to revise his classic study of the American Commonwealth in the light of present conditions, he would surely use the blue pencil diligently in those chapters which describe the workings of the two Houses of Congress.

It is high time that Mr. Gladstone's dictum regarding the origin of the American Constitution was dropped, for that remarkable organic law was not "struck off at one time by the mind and purpose of man." It was based on more than a century of Colonial experience, and drafted by men whose practical sagacity prevented them, for the most part, from trying innovations. It is precisely those features of the Constitution, as writers on both sides of the Atlantic have pointed out, which were deliberate inventions that have failed most conspicuously. The Senate owes its origin and peculiar character, not to theoretical considerations regarding the bi-cameral system, not to a conscious imitation of the Parliament of Great Britain, but chiefly to the practical difficulty of securing the adhesion to the Federal Union of those little States whose interests were menaced,—so they supposed,—by the preponderating influence of the larger States in the proposed House of Representatives. The Senate was organized on the basis of State equality; and in order further to guarantee that equality an unamendable provision was added to the Constitution, to the effect that no State without its consent should be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate. The Second Chamber of twenty-six members thus constituted was the visible symbol of the character of the Federal Union. In the early years of the Republic, it was unmistakably the less important body. Ambitious men sought seats in the House of Representatives, as the proper sphere for political activity. It was taken for granted that the Chamber elected by popular vote would assume

some such relative importance to the Senate as the Commons to the Lords in the British Parliament. That was a natural supposition, for the Constitution provided that money-bills should originate in the House of Representatives; and if English history taught anything, it proved that political power followed the control of the revenue and expenditure of the State. And the House retained its predominance for a full quarter of a century after the organization of the Government.

The rise of the Senate to a parity with the popular Chamber dates from the time of President Andrew Jackson, when the State legislatures, which under the Constitution form an electoral college for the choice of Senators, fell under the control of party organizations. So far from exercising an unrestricted choice, the State legislatures now simply register the will of the party having a numerical majority in the joint session of the two Chambers. In other words, the election of United States Senators has virtually ceased to be indirect. Whether it may be said that popular election of Senators has superseded indirect election, depends altogether on the view which one takes towards party organizations as a means of expressing the will of the people. For the moment this point may be waived.

It should not be forgotten that while the Constitution provides that bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives, the Senate is explicitly given the power to propose amendments of these and other bills. Persistent use of this amending power has now practically given to the Senate also all the advantages of initiating money bills, so that the legislative equality of the two Chambers is, in all but theory, established.

The development of an unsuspected power as an executive Chamber has further saved the Senate from the in-

ferior position to which it was relegated in the beginning. Through its power to confirm or reject nominations to office made by the President, the Senate has laid hold of the executive patronage and the influence which inevitably follows the possession of that power; through its power of approving treaties, the Senate has come virtually to share in the work of negotiating and framing treaties.

To the influence which Senators wield as distributors of the executive patronage should be added the prestige which membership in a select Chamber of ninety members gives, and the independence which comes from the comfortable assurance of a tenure of office for six years and from the expectation of re-election.

These considerations would seem to confirm the impression of those observers who, counting the requisites of an efficient Second Chamber, find the American Senate to possess dignity, stability, influence, and—a quality lacking in the Lords—a natural basis for selection. Closer scrutiny, however, does not altogether justify the indiscriminating praise bestowed upon the American Senate in these particulars. A natural basis for selection did indeed exist when the Federal Union was formed: a Chamber in which the equality of the States should be recognized was the *sine quâ non* of confederation. But the framers of the Constitution did not, and could not, anticipate the continental expansion of the Republic and the admission of thirty-two new States into the Union on an hypothetical equality with the original States. Many of these States, it is true, entered the Union on a parity with the original members in point of rights and privileges within the Constitution; some had passed as territories through a period of Federal tutelage, and had entered the Union under conditions which had never before been imposed. In point

of population and natural resources, the greatest disparity existed among the new members of the Union. Some of these inequalities have been effaced by the shifting of economic conditions; others persist and are ineradicable. Yet in spite of gross inequalities the States have an equality of representation in the Senate—an irremediable equality. That this is not a merely academic difficulty of no practical importance can be easily demonstrated.

Nevada was admitted into the Union during the Civil War, after the discovery of the famous Comstock Lode. The rapid growth in its population, owing to the immense mineral wealth of the region, gave assurance, it was believed, of another California. At the census of 1880, Nevada had a population of 62,266; but with the apparent exhaustion of the Comstock Lode the population began to decline, so that the census of 1890 recorded a population of only 45,761. The last census shows a further decrease, so that the State now numbers fewer souls than the Borough of Richmond in New York City. Meantime, Nevada sends two members to the United States Senate, who may neutralize the vote of the two Senators from New York, representing over 7,000,000 people. If it be said that Nevada is an unhappy exception—it is the only State which is decreasing in population—the inequality of representation is still evidenced by other figures. There are represented in the Senate twenty-three relatively small States with a total population of 14,000,000 (in round numbers), and twenty-two large States with a total of 62,000,000 people. Thus forty-six Senators may outvote their forty-four colleagues, with the full consciousness that they are asserting the un-American policy of minority rule; and the Constitution affords no mode of redressing the unjust balance of power in the Senate. Under ordinary circumstances, it is true, this com-



bination would hardly occur; nevertheless, the possibilities of the situation are disclosed by a vote in the Senate on February 1st, 1896, when a Free Silver Bill was substituted for the Bill sent up by the House. Forty-two Senators voted for the substitution; thirty-five against it. Yet the minority represented nearly eight million more people than the majority.

Moreover, the provision in the Constitution whereby Senators are chosen by the legislatures of their respective States cannot be said to have worked happily. The framers of the Constitution sought to avoid a clashing of Federal and State Governments by creating a separate sphere of action for each. The Federal Government with its own officials was to act directly upon the people of a State, without interfering with the action of the State officials upon the same individuals considered as citizens of the State. Like a finely-constructed piece of machinery, the parts were to operate, wheel within wheel, to achieve a definite result. But when the statesmen of the Constituent Convention provided that the law-making body of a State should act as an electoral college for Federal Senators, they proved false to their theory, and prevented a clear articulation of the legislature as an organ of the State. As a seat in the Federal Senate became more and more a coveted honor, the temptation to subordinate local interests to Federal considerations proved too strong to be withstood. National party organizations penetrated the States and overwhelmed local issues by insisting upon the paramount importance of securing control of the Federal Senatorship. If this inevitable interpenetration of Federal and local politics has not entirely destroyed the efficiency of State legislatures, it is because the Senatorial tenure of office is six years, while the legislatures are chosen either annually or biennially. Not every leg-

islature, happily, is elected under this direct pressure, though the need of maintaining the control of the legislature is never lost sight of by those who direct the work of party organizations.

It cannot be burked that thinking people in the States are profoundly dissatisfied with the Federal Senate. Rightly or wrongly, they have come to feel that members of the Second Chamber represent the people less than they represent privilege. Indeed, the growth of great industrial corporations, more or less dependent upon special legislation or upon immunity from regulation, has created conditions altogether unknown to the fathers. Obviously, the interests of these large corporations are subserved quite as well and quite as easily by representation in the Senate as in the House. So far as the railroads are concerned, vigilance in blocking unfavorable legislation, rather than special legislation, is needed. The broad basis of popular election, upon which the House of Representatives rests, excludes the control of special corporate interests in that body. It is easier to control ninety legislators than three hundred and eighty-six, and to influence State legislatures than the people of the States. The point was stated with unmistakable clearness by Jay Gould, when he remarked that it was cheaper to buy a legislature than to buy a people. No doubt the direct influence of corporate interests in the Senate is greatly exaggerated by journals which cater to that latent distrust which seems to lurk in all democracies; yet the regrettable opposition of the Senate to such long-delayed legislation as the Pure Food Bill, and to other popular demands, gives color to the charges now freely bandied about. It is impossible not to recognize corporate interests behind certain conspicuous figures in the Senate Chamber.

In view of these facts, the demand



has been frequently voiced for election of Senators by popular vote. Even if this were a desirable departure from the Constitution, it is now wholly impracticable, for the simple reason that it would require a Constitutional amendment. That the Senate as at present constituted would pass a self-denying ordinance is not to be thought of; and no amendment can be proposed except by a two-thirds vote of both Houses of Congress. To be sure, the Constitution provides that a Convention may be called to propose amendments, but this mode of amending the organic law has never been tried; and it is extremely doubtful if public sentiment is sufficiently strong to force the legislatures of two-thirds of the States to make the necessary application to Congress for the calling of such a Convention.

Meantime, certain experiments are being made which are full of suggestion to those who believe in the capacity of the American, like his English cousin, to change the content of old institutions without destroying their form. It is one of the conspicuous advantages of the Federal system that political experiments can be made by the several States without affecting the internal polity of other members of the Union. For many years those Southern States where but a single party organization exists have witnessed no contests for the United States Senate except within the party. The real contest occurs between members of the party in pursuit of the nomination. Thus it has come about that the primary elections of the party have all the marks of a popular election for the Senate, for there is no recent instance of a failure on the part of a legislature to elect the man whom the popular vote has designated. The legislature simply registers the will of the party as expressed in the canvass for the nomination. It has not unfrequently

happened that an acrimonious struggle for the nomination between several candidates, all of the same party, has been followed by the unanimous election of the successful candidate by the legislature.

Instructive as these instances are, they do not represent a normal working of the American party system. Circumstances have bound the South firmly to one of the two national party organizations, and have hardly tolerated the presence of the other. So long as there is a "solid South," the natural functioning of parties in the Southern States is impossible. Far more suggestive is the attempt of a progressive Western State to achieve the same end in the presence of a dual party system, and even by means of the party organizations. In 1904 the people of Oregon by means of an initiative petition, secured a popular vote on a thorough-going direct Primaries Bill. By a large majority the measure was adopted and became law. It provides for direct nominations for all State and county offices and for many municipal offices, as well as for the United States Senate. In other words, each party is required to make its nominations to office by official ballot, under the control and supervision of the State, just as in a regular election. Other Western States have passed similar laws for direct primaries; but to Oregon belongs the distinction of having put the expedient to a practical test in the nomination and election of a United States Senator. In 1906, each party nominated its candidate at a primary election; these nominations were then printed on the State ballot like nominations to State and county offices, and the candidate having a plurality of votes was declared to be the choice of the people for the Senatorship. Four years previously, the people had expressed their choice in much the same way, un-

der the Act of 1901; but the legislature of the State refused to regard itself bound by this vote. By Constitutional law, the legislature was undeniably invested with the power to elect United States Senators. When the legislature, then, elected to the Senate a man who had not received a single popular vote, there was no legal redress for the disappointed voters of the State. So, too, in this election of 1906, there was no legal way by which the legislature could be bound to obey the popular vote, which technically was nothing but a recommendation. Not to be balked a second time, the citizens of Oregon hit upon a clever device to accomplish their purpose. On nominating candidates for the legislature, the parties availed themselves of the provision of the Primaries Act which permitted them to pledge their nominees always to "vote for that candidate for the United States Senator in Congress who has received the highest number of the people's votes for that position at the general election next preceding the election of a Senator in Congress, without regard to my individual preference." Should a candidate decline to accept such a pledge, the law provided that he might sign a second statement, to the effect that he would consider the vote of the people as "nothing more than a recommendation, which I shall be at liberty to disregard, if the reason for doing so seems to me to be sufficient." In the existing state of public opinion, most candidates for the legislature hesitated to sign the second statement and affront their constituents, so that in the legislature which

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met after the election a majority were found to be pledged to obey the popular vote. The outcome was the election to the Senate of the candidate who had received a plurality of votes in the popular election.

It is easy to exaggerate the importance of this triumph. That the legislatures of other States will consent without a struggle to abdicate their Constitutional right to elect United States Senators is not likely. Even in Oregon, the outcome will be doubtful, if ever a Republican legislature is called upon to elect a Democratic candidate who has been endorsed by the popular vote. Nevertheless, in at least one notable instance a Federal Senator has been elected by popular vote, in the teeth of the express mandate of the Constitution.

Dissatisfaction with the Senate has never gone to the length of questioning the wisdom of the fathers in establishing a Second Chamber. The value of a revising chamber has been too often demonstrated to permit scepticism with regard to the efficiency of the bi-cameral system. Since the House of Representatives has ceased to be a deliberative body,—and one of the greatest speakers of the House thanked God for it,—the Senate has a graver responsibility than ever before in its history. With its opportunity for unrestricted debate, with its greater sobriety, and with its capacity for leadership, it should serve the Republic more effectively. But its efficiency will be demonstrated by its success in convincing the people that it is amenable to popular control.

*Allen Johnson.*

## TOLSTOY'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

On August 28 next by the Russian Calendar, a date which corresponds with September 10 of our own, Count Leo N. Tolstoy will complete his eightieth year, and there is a plan afoot for giving the event an international celebration. It will be an event of international interest. Home-loving, home-keeping, most Russian of the Russians, of all great authors, perhaps, the one who owes least to the literature and civilization of other countries, Tolstoy is read and discussed and quarrelled about all the world over. There are plenty of causes for quarrelling. To some, his Socialism is not only abhorrent, but a betrayal of his great artistic gifts; to others, it is the essence of his worth. To some he is a renegade, a reactionary, one who would pull the world back into a darkness from which it only emerged after ages of effort; to others, he is the apostle of a new light and truth. To some he is the first great philosopher of art; while others declare him completely ignorant of the rudiments of æsthetics. And while some find two Tolstoys, and are ready to acclaim the author of "War and Peace," of "Anna Karénina," of "Childhood," "Boyhood," and "Youth," of "The Cossacks" and "Polikóushka," but have no good word for him after his "conversion" late in the 'seventies—for the Tolstoy of "The Kreutzer Sonata," "What is Art?" and "My Confession"—there are others who maintain that the two Tolstoys are one and the same, and that the later works, the Socialistic, the religious, and *contra mundum* writings, are merely the inevitable development of the earlier, though it is possible, indeed, to fix the date at which that development took a marked and sudden stride forward. It might, perhaps, be expressed in this way. From his earliest days there were two

Tolstoys, the boy who lashed his back with a rope, and the boy who lay in bed and ate sweet things and read novels. The spiritual and the physical in him were both acute, and always in opposition. Circumstances ruled that until he was fifty he should regard the antagonism chiefly from the physical side; and so we have the great novels crowded with brilliant figures of men and women whose physical presence is so keenly noted and so vividly expressed as to seem sometimes almost oppressive. Then came what looks like a revulsion, but was only a shifting of the point of view from which the old antagonism was regarded; and thenceforth we have the doctrine of renunciation, the declaration of war on the body, the definite attempt to foster the spiritual life by the mortification of the physical. But this was a tendency that may be clearly traced throughout the "pre-conversion" writings; it was not new, any more than the capital point of Tolstoy's philosophy was new—the brotherhood of man. That idea can be traced in his writings long before the emancipation of the serfs in 1861 or the efforts to improve the education of the children on his estates which the young landed proprietor and ex-officer made by teaching in the schools in person as well as by writing. It lies at the bottom of his most hideous pictures of peasant-life, like *The Power of Darkness*, as well as of his highest dreams of the future; it is the mainspring of that bomb-shell "What is Art?" the explosion of which set all but the most level-headed scampering for protection to old formulæ; it has been the principle guiding his life since days long before he discovered that it was useless to give away money while you had any money left, to give anything,

unless, like Ibsen's Brand, you gave all. The exact degree to which he has succeeded in carrying into practice his doctrine of equality and renunciation is a question that does not concern the value of his teaching to the world.

In spite of the many disputes, then, which have long raged round his name, there is a Tolstoy whom men of all shades of opinion may unite to honor. A great novelist; a great writer who has consistently regarded literature, not as a remote art, but as a means for the expression of what he had to say, who has dared to regret that some of Matthew Arnold's poems were not written in prose, and has braved the charges of Philistinism and æsthetic barbarity for the sake of being true to himself; a profound and original thinker, who has thrown off all bonds of tradition, use, and respect, and tried every opinion and principle in life and art by the touchstone of his own great intelligence; a social reformer who, whatever the value of his theories, has consistently preached one invaluable truth—he is one to whom homage is due alike from men of letters, from philosophers, from plain men, and from the humblest of those whose cause he has championed.

It is significant that the movement for celebrating his eightieth birthday has its origin in Russia, where the central committee (which includes men of all shades of opinion, among them even a brother of M. Stolypin) has formulated the proposals. "Peace" is to be the watchword; political differences are to be buried, and opponents in politics and social science are to meet on the common ground of what all may

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admire in Tolstoy. We learn that it is even possible that a Bill may be introduced and passed in the Duma making the day a public holiday. In Paris a committee has been formed which includes M. Anatole France, M. Leroy Beaulieu, and the Marquis Melchior de Vogué; and in consequence of a flying visit paid to London by M. Stakhovitch, the secretary of the central committee, an English committee, of which Dr. Hagberg Wright, of the London Library, is the honorary secretary and Dr. Edmund Gosse the president, is now in process of formation. It includes already the names of Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Henry James, Mr. H. G. Wells, the Hon. Maurice Baring, Mr. John Galsworthy, Professor Gilbert Murray, Mr. H. W. Nevinson, Mrs. Garnett, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Laurence Irving, Sir Donald M. Wallace, Mr. Aylmer Maude, and Professor Vinogradoff, while a "Tolstoy Fund" has been opened at Messrs. Barclay's, 1, Pall-mall East. The central committee invites representatives of literature and social progress to unite in St. Petersburg or Moscow, and to present an international address to Count Tolstoy. It is possible that Yasnaia Poliana, his home, may be secured as a public possession; and a third part of the scheme will have the warm approval of his admirers—that a cheap edition of his principal works should be published in the leading languages of Europe. Few authors have suffered so much as Tolstoy from the censorship at home, and premature and unauthorized, not to mention wilfully falsified, translation abroad.

## THE BREAK-UP OF AMERICAN PARTIES.

That quadrennial cataclysm which Americans vainly seek to attenuate by calling it a Presidential election is now in full swing. It promises to be, in one respect, unique. When appeals to the country are regulated not by the needs of politics, but in obedience to an immutable time-table, there is no certainty that there will be any real issues to set before the people. In 1896 an election and a worthy issue had the good fortune to coincide. In 1900, though the election punctually put in its appearance, it found only the tail end of an issue waiting to receive it. In 1904 the contest, so far as political questions were concerned, was wholly factitious and decided nothing except that the American people preferred Mr. Roosevelt to Judge Parker. This year, not even an attempt is being made to disguise the fact that personalities and not policies are to be the pivot of the campaign. The three most prominent candidates before the electorate at this moment are Mr. Taft and Mr. Hughes on the Republican and Mr. Bryan on the Democratic side. All three subscribe practically without reservation to the Roosevelt policies. Mr. Bryan claims that he blazed the trail which Mr. Roosevelt has since macadamized. Mr. Taft, as the President's right-hand man, himself shares in the responsibility for the measures and policy of the administration. Mr. Hughes endorses all Mr. Roosevelt has done and tried to do. It is abundantly clear that no candidate less radical than Mr. Roosevelt stands any chance. It is equally clear that the people wish the President's programme to be carried on. All, therefore, that they have to decide is whether it is to be carried on by Mr. Roosevelt himself, with Mr. Taft's thoroughness, with the somewhat milder methods that seem more

consonant with Mr. Hughes's temperament, or with Mr. Bryan's declamatory and often ill-balanced intensity. Such an agreement on measures has not before been known in American history. The platforms that are now being adopted by the State conventions, whether Democratic or Republican, are in substance indistinguishable. Mr. Roosevelt's message of last week advocating amendments to the Anti-Trust laws, an employers' liability Act, and further labor legislation, was nowhere received with more favor than among his nominal opponents. The leader of the Democrats in the House has pledged the support of his followers in giving effect to the recommendations of a Republican President. Parties have, for the moment, ceased to exist. There is just Mr. Roosevelt and his programme and nothing more.

The phenomenon is unnatural, is unhealthy, and cannot endure. It represents not a fixed condition, but a phase in a great and deeply interesting process of transformation. For the past thirty years the American parties have been nothing but rival electioneering bodies. One might have searched them in vain for anything in the nature of a veritable creed. They derive a certain momentum from history and tradition; they owe much to local and sectional exigencies; and the mere immensity of their organizations and the fact that they have acquired a definite legal status have done much to keep them in being. Party spirit is probably deeper and more bitter in the United States than in Great Britain; party organization has certainly reached a higher state of mechanical finish than we even dream of; and the discussion of politics, or, rather, of what is confidently assumed to be such, is at once more pervasive and more

personal than with us. But, in spite of this, it is true that until Mr. Roosevelt's accession the American parties were merely guilds or fraternities of politicians fighting for the spoils. There was no such thing as a distinctively Republican or a distinctively Democratic policy or frame of mind. Of beliefs and principles, of everything, indeed, that one might exalt by the name of a political religion, they were all but wholly destitute. They had lost everything that we in Great Britain are apt to think essential to a political body, except office or the hope of it. That did not, of course, prevent them from behaving as though they were really parties with a faith. It did not prevent them from lining up in battle array, with banners and leaders all complete, and fighting one another as though something serious were at issue between them. They took sides, but which side each would take was determined by the accident of chance. Their alignment on the questions of the day was purely arbitrary and fortuitous, dictated, not by convictions, but simply by a sense, often shrewd, often amazingly at fault, of electioneering needs. There was no atmospheric change when Republicans succeeded Democrats or Democrats Republicans. Politics were make-believe, and parties existed to manoeuvre among unrealities.

The social protest which was the backbone of Bryanism was the first large and clear sign that the era of a mechanical factitiousness was drawing to a close, and that American politics would before long be penetrated by a spirit of vitality and earnestness. Under Mr. Roosevelt's *régime* the signs have multiplied. His policy of the "square deal" cut clean across the traditional lines of party division. It fitted in with none of the old formulæ and catch-words. It was a national and not in any sense a factional policy,

not a movement of Republicans against Democrats, but of the people against the plutocracy. Mr. Roosevelt has initiated two campaigns against the American money-power. One is aimed at capital, the other at capitalists. The first campaign, by an unsparing investigation of the Trusts, by an increasing strictness of Federal supervision over their conduct, and by the resumption of franchises and concessions heedlessly granted in past years, essays to bring under public control whatever is excessive and against the commonweal in the powers of organized wealth, and to prevent the promoter and the financier from profiting at the expense of the community. The second campaign deals rather with the millionaire as a private citizen and is designed to extract from him a fair return for the wealth he has been enabled to amass. Those who opposed these policies did so not as Republicans or Democrats but simply as Conservatives, speaking the universal language of Conservatism. Those who favored them did so as Radicals *sans phrase*. Mr. Roosevelt, in short, has been the means of launching issues that appeal more to men's fundamental opinions about politics and society than to their party affiliations. He has brought home to the people the emptiness of the old parties and their lack of correspondence with the facts of America's economic conditions. We see many tokens that Republicans and Democrats with their obsolete mummeries will soon mean less than nothing to a nation that is girding itself to wrest its liberties from the plutocratic grip. A process of realignment is going on. Not all Republicans are Conservatives, nor all Democrats Radicals. The pervasive social unrest, the new turn of the people for open-minded cross-examination of themselves and their future and their institutions, the dawning sense of the inadequacies of an eight-



eenth-century Constitution in the face of twentieth-century problems, the emergence of a definite Labor Party fired by the example of Great Britain, and the horror and shame of the financial and commercial scandals of the past few years, are agencies that are slowly splitting American politics into

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a party of Conservatives and a party of Radicals, possibly into one of the Haves and another of the Have-nots. The present identity of Democrats and Republicans has in it nothing stable. It signifies not precipitation but the moment of pause before a new departure.

## THE NEW UTOPIA.

The latest, but not the last, of the Utopias imagined by the political cranks—never before so numerous as they are to-day in England—is that which flies the Red Flag. Here is a description of the Socialistic State in the club-footed verse which is shouted rather than sung by the posterity of Karl Marx:—

When all mankind are workers,  
And no drones in the hive;  
Oh, what a happy, glorious time  
They'll have who are alive.  
This world will be a garden,  
An Eden full of bliss;  
Oh, brother—sister—won't you strive  
For such a state as this?

I have heard these indistinguishable lines given by a crowd nine-tenths unwashed, two-thirds inspired with the nobility of beer, and one-half wanderers in London's "Paradise of Odd Jobs," where the hopeless, helpless, urban tramp is manufactured out of the casually employed. There could be no doubt that each singer, in the momentary exaltation of his soul, sincerely believed that the Golden Age would begin the moment all industry was organized and managed by the State, that the vices of which he himself was more or less ashamed from time to time—distaste for water and soap, chronic beeriness, hatred of regular work—would at once be cured when the State had become his master. There was nobody to remind these poor people that Socialism, if it has any po-

litical meaning at all, would be neither more nor less than a form of government—which would be no government at all if it did not subject them to discipline and punish them for their sins of omission and commission. Each singer's conception of Socialism was vast, roseate, incommunicable—and it was touched with the deadly emotion of self-pity which can always persuade a man that, if only he had more money or more leisure or more work, or more something else, he had it in him to be a perfect citizen. That is why this dream of the Socialistic State is so infinitely alluring to the majority of those who are unable or unwilling to act on the maxim "Know thyself." Such people see the polity of the Socialists as an idealized land inhabited by their idealized selves. In other words, Socialism is that state of the mind which, for example, permits the drunkard to believe that a change of environment would cure him painlessly of the taste for too much strong drink. Let us examine three recently published works on Socialism<sup>1</sup> in order to see what light they throw on the manner in which the professed Socialist has contrived to deceive himself.

Mr. H. G. Wells, who has a wide—certainly not a profound—knowledge of science and is also a virtuoso in the use

<sup>1</sup> "New Worlds for Old," by H. G. Wells (London: Constable, 6s.); "The Socialist Movement in England," by Brougham Villiers (London: Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d.); "British Socialism," by J. Ellis Barker (London: Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d.).

of words, is the mildest-mannered Socialist in the shadow of the Red Flag. He will have nothing to do with the Socialists whose root-principle is Proudhon's statement that "Property is Robbery." For this reason he must be classed with that politically impotent class which might be described as the New Fabians, those who do not repudiate the compensation of individual property-owners. "We live to-day," he writes, "in a vast tradition of relationships in which the rightfulness of that kind of private property is assumed, and suddenly, instantly, to deny and abolish it would be—I write this as a convinced and thorough Socialist—quite the most dreadful catastrophe human society could experience." It follows that, in his deliberate opinion, the process of expropriation must be gradual, each step towards the Socialistic State being brought about by an educational propaganda. Nor does he think that, when his ideal is realized, it will give "equal rights . . . to the eagle and the dove" (to quote another song of Socialism) since observation has convinced him that all men are *not* born equal and that it will be impossible to eliminate their inequalities of capacity under any form of government. As a student of science who refuses to ignore facts, he knows that all great social changes—*e.g.* that from feudalism to the modern forms of representative institutions—have been gradually accomplished, and he will not admit that the rule of *Natura non facit saltum* is to be abrogated at the wish of the militant class of Socialists who think that their Golden Age will be the sudden sequel of a world-wide class-war. Yet, underlying all this show of common-sense, the root-fallacies of the movement can be discerned. He lays stress on the wastage resulting from free competition in making and selling. But he does not admit that all A makes, even if B undersells him, is

sold, and sold more cheaply than would otherwise be the case, and he makes no attempt to evaluate the stimulus of competition in increasing the output of commodities. He does not prove—no Socialist has yet proved it—that there will be a sufficiency of necessities, to say nothing of necessary luxuries, for the whole world if this spur of competition be removed. Nor does he say what legal sanction is to enforce public opinion, when a subject of the Socialist State refuses to co-operate with his fellows in providing for the nation. Again, in his imagination the State becomes an invisible entity; he tells us nothing of the monstrous bureaucracy—a Poplar Board of Guardians magnified a thousand times—which would be responsible for the organization and control of industry, and would, in point of fact, be the visible arm of the State. He draws a most poetical picture of the realized ideal of the Socialistic State which contains some of the most charming prose he has ever written. But, when he deals with the realities of to-day, he heaps together all the hideous facts and shows us nothing that is pleasant. It is all a piece of literary special pleading—this contrast between the seamy side of actuality and the glittering fabric of a poetic vision. The poet in him has deceived the scientist in him; he is just as much self-deceived as any of the humble victims of self-pity, who dream on noble beer and yet see themselves beerless in the dream. Whether it be the poet's temperament or a pot of ale which causes a man to be illogical, is nothing to the logician. It is the illogical result which matters.

Mr. Villiers is Mr. Wells reduced from poetry to prose. His book has what used to be called a "Balliol introduction" in my Oxford days. He begins with a generalization, and goes on to a second and a third, and so on—there are more generalizations to the

square inch in his pages than the most portentous of prize essays that did not win a prize. The same fallacies, already enumerated, which lift Mr. Wells to the height of his poetical argument, bear Mr. Villiers down to the bottom of his abysmal prose. Not being a literary artist, the latter's form of self-deception is somewhat different. Mr. Wells juggles with words; words juggle with Mr. Villiers—especially the blessed words "liberty," "equality," "fraternity," "natural," and the rest of the brood. It is with a feeling of pleasure, the feeling of one who escapes from an asylum inhabited by amiable well-to-do lunatics, that one turns to Mr. Ellis Barker's gallant attack.

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tempt to produce a reasoned catalogue of Socialistic ideas and ideals. If he has not succeeded in compressing this chaos within the covers of a single volume, he has proved that no two Socialists think alike. The roads of logic are few and straight, but lack of logic is a trackless wilderness, and there these self-deceivers wander everlastingly, forming knots that anon dissolve into their component individuals. Socialists will never decide on a common plan of action. And it follows that no serious effort will ever be made to construct the inverted feudalism, a social pyramid balanced on its apex, which is their common aspiration. If they did, it would tumble at a touch.

E. B. O.

## THE IDEA OF FRIENDSHIP AS REVEALED IN THE WORKS OF DICKENS.

Every one appreciates a friend, and in what estimation Dickens held friendship—true friendship—even a cursory study of his works will show. Among all classes of mankind, under many diverse circumstances, in health and sickness, in affluence and poverty, in happiness and sorrow, he shows us how one human being may help and uphold a fellow mortal by extending to him the friendly hand of kindly sympathy. In his books there is no limit to friendship, there are no class distinctions there. It is not only "like to like," we never hear an echo of the phrase "unequal friendship." There can be no such thing, he teaches. No! the poor may meet the rich on equal ground in the flowery lanes of friendship, the rich not even thinking it necessary to recognize that the cold touch of patronage would mar the strong hand clasp of mutual trust, confidence and equality—yes, equality, for Dickens, although not a Socialist, shows us that it is *the man* that counts, not his

position, his rank, or his wealth, but solely the man. His views on friendship, although clearly and explicitly expressed, are not set forth in so many words, nor are they found floating on the surface of his books, for man is the one animal that has formed and appreciated such a tie from the beginning. Such being the case, there was no need for his facile pen to demonstrate a fact which has always been acknowledged. And it is rather insidiously and unobtrusively that the Socialists' heaven—"the fraternity and equality of man"—works through the whole. Dickens shows us that man was meant to be a gregarious animal, and if, through force of circumstances, or through some flaw in his nature, either physical or moral, he is denied a human friend, he will turn to the brute creation for comfort. Bill Sikes—who cannot trust Fagin—has his dog, poor Barnaby Rudge his raven, and, in the same book, Hugh, degraded and outcast, has his cur, and at the foot of the gallows,

though he will ask for no mercy or pity for himself, pleads for his dog.

But Dickens upholds no sickly sentimentality. A pair of ideal friends, Eugene Wrayburn and Mortimer Lightwood in *Our Mutual Friend*, drift through life together, from happy school days onwards, with no morbid analysis of their feelings for each other, no protestations of friendship. Yet later on one of them acknowledges that he has modelled his life, his feelings, his principles on his friend's; and the other, as he saunters through life in a bored and *blasé* fashion, coming at last to the threshold of his life's tragedy, lying maimed, disfigured, and it is thought dying, does not hesitate to throw down the barriers of restraint and reserve, and own that the one precious thing in his hitherto wasted and selfish life had been the love he bore his friend. In striking contrast to such a friendship is that between Little Dorrit and Maggy. What a wealth of protection, pity and love on the one side, and on the other, poor Maggy—whose darkened mind cannot grasp much in the world around her—has a true understanding of the existence of that love, and a perfect trust in it.

Dickens has many illustrations of such friendships—the love of the strong for the weak—awakened by the pity that is akin to love. We have the watchful care and unselfish solicitude of Nicholas Nickleby for poor Smike, which continued through poverty and adversity to prosperity, and at last to the peaceful death-bed, when both felt that such a friendship was not to be broken, even by Death. We have the friendship of Mr. Toots for little Paul Dombey; poor foolish Toots even forgets, for the nonce, his expensive tailors and his fancy waistcoats in genuine pity for the lonely delicate child. "You're a very small chap, Dombey." "Yes, I am rather small," says little Paul. Toots gradually becomes at-

tached to the child, he follows him about and watches him. "How are you?" he would say to Paul fifty times a day. "Quite well, thank you, sir." "Then shake hands, Dombey," and when Paul dies Toots buys the shaggy mongrel dog that the little chap had fondled.

Then we have the friendship of those who admire the very different characteristics of each other. Such was that between Agnes and Dora in *David Copperfield*. Dora's amiable, loving and yet childlike character appealing to the strength of that of Agnes, while Dora's dying request that Agnes should one day marry *her* husband showed how she appreciated the nobility, fidelity and self-abnegation of her friend. Such another pair of friends were David Copperfield and Steerforth. David was drawn by the inherent good qualities in Steerforth's character, which were latent, though not strong enough to counterbalance the evil effects of an indulged childhood and undisciplined youth. Steerforth possessed that animal magnetism which is so often coupled with a winning personality, and to David he seemed one of those born to command, a veritable young Apollo; and Steerforth, who could choose his friends where he pleased, and might easily have chosen a more useful friend from a worldly point of view, was yet attracted by the single-hearted and unsuspecting nature of David; he valued the good opinion of poor innocent "Daisy" so much that he took pains to hide from him the selfish, egotistical side of his own character. We have rather an amusing contrast to this broken friendship in the case of David and his other friend—Traddles. At first David rather "looks down" on poor Traddles and undervalues his sterling qualities, just as he overestimates Steerforth's. But soon his views readjust themselves, and with what a masterly touch has Dickens

portrayed the genial, happy, hearty scenes between the two when the broken strands of friendship are knit together again!

Another pair of real chums are Pip and Herbert in *Great Expectations*. Their friendship commences in a pugilistic encounter in a backyard, and progresses merrily through days of youthful frolics and follies. They share and share alike, even to amorous confessions and debts; they talk about Clara and Estelle, add up each other's liabilities and enjoy themselves together generally. Later we have an example of how the delicate fine feeling of one friend can find out a way to materially advance the worldly prospects of the other without wounding his susceptibility. Pip provides secretly for Herbert, and through all his own misfortunes and subsequent poverty never acknowledges what he has done for his friend, while all through these same misfortunes he is helped by the resourceful energy and cheerful good nature of Herbert. The friendship between Rachel and Stephen Blackpool in *Hard Times* is drawn on almost the same scale. Rachel admires and loves the patience and heroism with which Stephen endures his hard lot, and Stephen is helped by the very fact of knowing that there is one friend who stands by in loving pity, and shares his sorrows with him.

We have many examples of the friendship of the poor for each other. Dickens believed in the true saying "that it is the poor who help the poor." In *The Chimes* we have the poor old porter, Toby Veck, and the destitute Will Fern. "Stay," cried Trotty, catching at his hand. "Stay! The New Year can never be happy to me if we part like this, if I see the child and you go wandering away, you don't know where, without a shelter for your heads. Come home with me! I'm a poor man, living in a poor place; but

I can give you shelter for one night and never miss it. Come home with me!" and he spends his poor earnings on a meal for the two wanderers and goes hungry himself. Then there is the friendship of Riah—the despised and much maligned Jew—for Lizzie Hexham and Jenny Wren. There is nothing he can hope to gain from such poor waifs of humanity, yet with what care and tenderness he watches over them and lends them all the help in his power. How very just Dickens was to give us the character of Riah to balance that of Fagin, and not to add unjustly to the libellous calumnies directed against the Jews. In *Oliver Twist*, too, we have the light-hearted and roguish camaraderie of Charley Bates and the Artful Dodger. Wherever one is there we find the other, and though the chagrin displayed by Bates at the arrest of the Artful is very amusing, it is none the less real.

Another amusing friendship is that between Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness. Dick's drooping spirits are soon revived in feeding the poor hungry child, witnessing her delight over the "early purr" and initiating her in the mysteries of the game of cribbage, the subsequent self-devotion of the little creature in nursing Dick alone through what she calls "three long, slow weeks" is described with infinite charm. Naturally Dick proves not ungrateful; he educates and provides for the poor little marchioness, finally marries her, and "they play many hundred thousand games of cribbage together, and live happy ever after."

A very strange friendship is that in *Hard Times* between Louisa Gradgrind and Sissy Jupe. Dickens has given us a very strange character in Louisa, fascinating almost in its exclusive reserve, its impassive stoicism. And this hard, brilliant nature, which at first coldly repulses the gentle and affectionate overtures of the kind-hearted



Sissy, is glad to welcome them when disillusioned, distraught and hopeless, everything in the world for her turns to dust and ashes. Then she can bear no other presence near her, will receive no service that is not rendered by the loving ministry of the poor circus girl.

A very striking contrast to the character of Louisa is that of Esther Summerson in *Bleak House*. She is, indeed, one of Dickens's noblest characters, and the friendship that existed between Esther and Ada Clare is one of the most beautiful of all those Dickens has given us. All through the book this friendship runs like a thread of gold, and not the least beautiful passage is that which describes Esther lying in the clutches of a loathsome disease, holding through pain and unconsciousness the one idea, the one plea—that the door might be barred to keep out the friend for whose presence she longed—but whose pitiful appeals were denied, lest *she* should fall a victim to the same fell disease.

Then how many of us would like to have such a pair of friends as had Martin Chuzzlewit in Tom Pinch and Mark Tapley? Martin's very character is influenced by them; we find him in the opening chapters self-willed, obdurate, proud and selfish, but when he is homeless and destitute he finds Tom's one gold coin left for him in such a manner that he cannot refuse it, and Mark comes to him and offers his cheerful services and companionship without any hope of a material reward. They start for America, and during the voyage Mark's useful and cheery kindness is in striking contrast to the selfish apathy of Martin. When full of brave ambition and hope they reach the dismal marsh and swamp which they have been deluded into buying, Martin's courage breaks down, but not Mark Tapley's. He comforts and sustains his friend, and, when he suc-

cumbs to the deadly malarial vapors, works for him all day and watches him all night, worn with hard living and the unaccustomed toil of a new life, surrounded by dismal and discouraging circumstances of every kind, never complaining or yielding in the least degree. If ever he had thought Martin selfish or inconsiderate he then forgot it all, never once blamed him for their desperate fortunes, remembered nothing but the better qualities of his fellow-wanderer, and was devoted to him heart and hand.

One other of Dickens's characters owes its nobility to the hand of friendship stretched out to lift it from the mire of degradation. He describes the wild night, when Sydney Carton, debauched and dissipated, slinks stealthily and unsteadily to the dingy room, where he has to work till dawn: the dim, dark river, the dull, overcast sky, the whole scene like a lifeless desert, waste forces within him and desert all around, this man, who has lost even that last remnant of fallen human nature—self-respect—sees lying in the wilderness before him only a mirage of honorable ambition, self-denial and perseverance. By the touch of a magic pen we are shown that there is no sadder sight than the man of good abilities and good emotions, incapable of their directed exercise, incapable of his own help and his own happiness, sensible of the blight on him, and resigning himself to let it eat him away. But that is changed! The hand of friendship draws him from the slough of despair, even though at first he feels himself helpless and hopeless. He knows that Lucie Manette can give him nothing more than friendship, yet the knowledge that she can give him even that, that she pities him, and believes him capable of better things, awakens in him unformed ideas of striving afresh, beginning anew, shaking off sloth and sensuality and fighting out an aban-



done flight. When he realizes that he can serve her and those dear to her, his reckless defiance falls from him, and steadily and thoroughly he devotes himself to her service, he works day and night to effect his ends, nothing is forgotten; every detail that will ensure the success of his scheme of self-sacrifice is carried out with a quickness and skill that does not even allow those

around to guess his purpose. And when this purpose is achieved, when he stands for execution in the place of Evremonde—Lucie's husband—it is with a prayer for a merciful consideration for all his poor blindnesses and errors that he peacefully, almost gladly, gives his life for his friend, and goes to the far, far better rest than he had ever known.

*The Dickensian.*

*Helen Roberts.*

### THE INSTINCT OF LYING LOW.

Is there a wild beast or bird that, taken by surprise, will not seek safety in standing or sitting perfectly still? They do it, of every kind and size from the bison to the squirrel, from the ostrich to the wren; and we have it in the action, or inaction, of certain snakes. Let any woodland creature discover that the enemy man is within such distance that flight without revealing its presence is impossible, and it becomes a statue depending upon rigid immobility to escape notice. The efficacy of this is extraordinary under ordinarily favorable circumstances. I have stood within twenty yards of a sambhur stag in dense jungle utterly unable to see the antlers to which a native follower pointed with wealth of gesticulation, and until speech broke the spell and the animal betrayed his whereabouts by turning to run away. A leopard "drowsing" on the limb of a tree almost overhanging the sandy path on which human footsteps were inaudible even to his ears, slowly crouched a little closer to his perch and remained stone-still, eyeing us until the rifle too quickly raised suggested flight as the better part. The bison when the first alarm is close at hand stands like a statue, muzzle thrust out, till he ascertains the direction whence danger threatens. It would seem as though every wild animal, whatever its bulk,

were perfectly conscious of the exactness with which it and its surroundings harmonize, and knew that movement would betray.

It is curious to notice how this instinct operates under conditions so unfavorable to concealment that even the lowest intelligence might recognize its futility. The rabbit, routed out of its retreat in the undergrowth by a dog, and coming suddenly upon man, will crouch on the open patch and remain still for as long as the man has patience to remain still also. One of the most curious examples of confidence in immobility that ever came under my notice was in a wood in Norway: wandering over the deep tussocks which deadened footfall I came upon a squirrel busy with a fir cone on a stump: I was within a few paces of him before he discovered me and he sprang into the nearest tree, a young pine, five feet high or thereabout. There was no other refuge near, save two trees between us, and the squirrel decided that safety lay in stillness; he sat upright on a twig, one fore paw clasping the main stem, the other against his breast, his head turned to face me; and in this posture he remained as I advanced to see how close he would suffer me to approach. When six feet (as measured afterwards) separated us I stopped. The squirrel remained absolutely still,

his eyes fixed on me; my hands were behind and I found my pulse. It was at about the two hundred and fiftieth beat, or well over three minutes, that the séance was closed by an untimely sneeze; this startled the squirrel and he leapt to the ground to find a safer retreat in a distant fir. It was impossible that the little creature should have had a sense of concealment; the tree was a poor and scraggy thing, a stem and three twigs; and there was not a twig of the slenderest between the squirrel's person and my own. It was obvious that he relied upon immobility for his safety, and, unless he timed his winks to coincide with mine, he never stirred an eyelid.

No animal depends more frequently or more successfully upon stillness in danger than the hare. Approach a hare in her form, as you may do, and she prefers immobility to flight. A hare has been known to lie still while a whole pack of harriers passed her place of concealment; she only moved when one of the hounds actually put his foot on her. Reliance upon immobility reaches its height, as we might expect, in those creatures which most closely resemble their habitat: the pangolin suggests itself as a striking example. Clinging with its hind feet to the tree trunk, and supported by the pressure of its tail, it may safely rely on being mistaken for the broken stump of a branch it takes as its model.

Birds adopt a somewhat similar method when taken by surprise, more particularly hen-birds on the nest; but here we have reason in that the depth of the nest in many cases affords real concealment save to beak and tail. The pheasant offers an accessible example of the instinct under discussion, but the bird does not depend on immobility in the attitude in which it is surprised, it crouches and stretches the neck along the ground; and among dead leaves, in rough grass or equally favorable sur-

roundings, thus becomes difficult of detection. I recall an instance of the "keep-still" instinct in a snake. Riding through bamboo jungle one morning I pulled up for some reason or other, and glancing into the bamboo which bellied over the track saw within a foot of my face one of the common pale-green "bamboo snakes." The reptile lay perfectly still across the twigs facing me, though within such easy reach of my hand. So admirably did it harmonize with the green shoots and leaves that detection of it was the merest accident; it was not disturbed by the fidgeting of the fly-worried horse, and lay there, still as the bamboo twig it resembled, until I shook its perch, when, apparently deeming immobility "played out," it glided rapidly away over the boughs. We see survival of the same instinct in domestic animals. Frighten a cat, and if she be uncertain of the direction whence the danger threatens she remains perfectly still till the point is made clear to her. Apropos of this instinct, may it not be that the trick of shamming death, in which the fox, among other animals, is said to be so proficient, is its highest development? As every hunting man who keeps his eyes open knows, the fox is a past-master of the art of keeping still when emergency suggests. The supposition that shamming death is simply an artistic improvement by a clever animal whose wits have been sharpened by generations of pursuit does not seem unreasonable: from keeping still when the enemy is within arm's length to keeping still when the enemy's hand is actually upon him is not a long step.

The man who can remain still when necessary finds that wild creatures can be deceived, even as they hope to deceive. I have had so shy a bird as a willow wren perch upon my foot and remain there for an appreciable time. Sit still and you shall see the rabbit emerge from his burrow—a step he will

never take if he suspect a watcher. Sit still and you may see the wild duck with her "fleet" of ducklings swim past you within twenty feet. To him who can keep still come the wariest and the

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wildest creatures of woodland and marsh. It is movement that alarms: the motionless figure is unseen, or, if seen, is unrecognized.

*E. D. Cuming.*

## EDUCATION AND THE UNEDUCATED.

The attitude of the uneducated towards education is not easy to gauge. As a mass they seem wonderfully indifferent to the disputes upon the subject which distract their political instructors. Yet the more respectable among them take a great interest in their children's schooling, and in speaking particularly of each child's progress they now and then say something which reveals their feelings towards the general question. Those whose work brings them in contact with the parents of children in primary schools hear much the same comments made again and again, and are able to generalize from them to a limited extent.

So far as the experience of the present writer serves him, there are very few people belonging to the lower classes who are any longer in favor of ignorance. Regrets for fictitious old days when boys and girls were trained by their fathers and mothers in all the practical and homely duties of life, moral remarks about children who learn nothing at school but to despise their parents, are for the most part confined to an educated few who desire to live over an ignorant, and therefore, as they believe, tractable, mass. On the other hand, there is among the poor a widespread feeling in favor of strict moderation so far as education is concerned. So-and-so "has done very well at school," one hears, and it is to be hoped that his good record will help him to a good place. "The master is proud of him," and so, one sees, are the parents. "He is wonderfully fond

of his books," but he is "getting big," and his mother thinks he has "had quite enough." There is a prevalent notion that "too much" education disinclines boys "to work." It is difficult to discover how much truth there is in this notion. Judging by Scotland, one would say there was none, for north of the Tweed no antagonism between hand-work and brain-work seems ever to have been felt. The public-school boys, too, who emigrate find their Latin and Greek no drawback on the prairie or in the backwoods, and they make as good farmers and tea-planters as though they had learned nothing beyond reading and writing. On the other hand, it is said by those engaged in the emigration of the poor that the most "superior" people—the men with most education and the highest standard of life—are by no means the most successful. They feel a rougher life to be a "come down," and lament the performance of "a very different class of work" from that which they had looked forward to, especially for their boys. It is a pang to renounce a possible gentility, and the educated who smile at such folly would do well to reflect upon analogous follies in their own class. The fear of too much education may be founded, after all, upon the experience of life.

But if poor people are anxious lest their children should learn to set too much store by book-learning and refuse to make their livings by the sweat of their brows, they do not take the grudging view, so often expressed by

their social betters, that they must be strictly kept from every form of knowledge which is not immediately useful. "What do the poor want with knowledge which will bring them in nothing?" rich men say; yet they let their own sons learn many unremunerative things. The poor encourage accomplishments—they regard them as tending to raise the social standing of their children—and undoubtedly there is a good deal of latent artistic talent among them. The present writer is acquainted with a primary school in a Surrey village. The scholars are all the children either of agricultural laborers, or of gardeners and coachmen,—what are called "gentlemen's servants." The drawing and brushwork produced in it by children under twelve are remarkable, and a few children are fired by their school teaching to draw from Nature at home, with results better than those who have never seen them would believe possible. The children and the parents are alike delighted, and what harm is done? All innocent hobbies tend to good discipline out of school hours. The habit of observation is worth cultivating, and is civilizing in its effects. In the same manner, singing gives great pleasure, and, teachers tell one, makes for discipline. Knowledge of musical notation leads many children later on to learn a little music on their own account, and even if it has no positive effect for good, it at least tends to keep them out of mischief, and provides them with rational amusement. After all, it is not possible to teach children nothing but the three "R's" if one is to go on teaching them till they are fourteen. Any average child will read and write by the time it is ten as well as any amount of practice can enable it to do, and if reading means something more than deciphering print, then it must be directed towards a variety of subjects. "But think of the ratepayer!" we hear

some one say. We do not see how in this matter the ratepayer comes in. The children do not have a separate teacher for each subject. In the country school of which we have been speaking the master and mistress teach all that is learned, from Roman history downwards. Inferior water-color paints cost little, and paper is cheap enough, though, of course, it costs more than the old-fashioned slate the blank surface of which was hourly reproduced by licking.

Two new and admirable features of the education question appear as the outcome of the efforts made during the past fifteen years to render primary instruction interesting. Young parents tell one with almost as much pleasure as is shown by men and women in the professional class that their children are to attend the same school as they themselves attended, and express a lively interest in the improvements which have taken place since their own time. Discipline in school hours, again, has been brought to a maximum of perfection with a minimum of punishment, and the present writer knows of a small school in which, in the unavoidable absence of the master, two young women teachers kept complete order for several days. They would be bold young women who could attempt such a task in a richer class of life.

Of course it is easy to exaggerate the effects of training and education in any class of life. Education develops, but does not originate. We have yet to find a method of teaching energy, and that strong bent of the mind towards righteousness which we often hear described as "character" has very little to do with books. "Education gives a boy a chance to show what he's got in him," said a village philosopher lately to the present writer, "but if there was nothing there when he began school, there will be nothing there

when he leaves off." We believe that the greater number of the parents of primary-school scholars who think about the matter at all are of a like opinion. Education gives "a chance." It is a means to success and advancement, but one that should never be regarded as an end in itself. Now and then, of course, one comes across a person belonging to the working class whose attitude to education is entirely hostile, but, as we have said above, such cases are rare indeed. We lately heard of a small farmer who objected to education on the ground that it "learned them craft," and a few days ago two women were heard talking on the subject of education in a South-

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Western third-class compartment. Some gipsies' vans were to be seen out of the window, and one of them remarked that she had heard that the education of gipsy children was "talked of in Parliament." She rejoiced in the prospect, because she thought it would prove both edifying and irksome to the gipsy community. Her companion did not share her enthusiasm. They "lived rough," no doubt, as it was, she said, but in her opinion education was "apt to brutalize." Was this some far-away echo of a Shavian philosophy, or was it founded on some exceptional experience? After all, if education can only "bring out," it must in rare cases accentuate a bad character.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

After a year of secrecy, during which some pretty wild guesses have been made as to who was the author of "As The Hague Ordains: Journal of a Russian Prisoner's Wife in Japan" (Holt), it is at last revealed that she is Miss Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, a resident of Washington, a prominent member of the National Geographic Society, and author of a number of standard books, including some on Alaska, "Jinriksha Days in Japan," "Westward to the Far East," "China, the Long-Lived Empire," "Winter India," etc.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has arranged for the publication by Houghton, Mifflin & Company of the first complete and uniform edition of her writings. This is literary news of the greatest interest to Mrs. Ward's American readers, who will be only too glad of the opportunity to obtain her books in an adequate and permanent style. Following the excellent edition of George Eliot's Works, which Houghton, Mif-

flin & Company have just issued, this set of Mrs. Ward's writings will place on the lists of these publishers the complete works of the two greatest Englishwomen of recent times. Some special illustrative features are being planned for Mrs. Ward's works which will add greatly to the interest of the new edition.

Stevenson taught the small child that the world's very fullness of "a number of things" was sufficient for happiness: just now, sages abound who teach that one may be healthy, wise and if not exactly wealthy, at least as good as wealthy by merely declaring that one is so, is going to be so, or, as Mr. Eustace Mills prefers, "is becoming" so. He states this formula in his "The Power of Concentration," the fifteenth book in which he has set forth various phases of his science of living, and he makes an infinite number of wise suggestions in regard to many acts which most persons regard not only as naturally involun-



tary, but as quite unmanageable. It is true of his book, as of nearly the entire body of the literature of self-healing, self-cultivation, self-improvement, that its essence may be found in the Scriptures, and much of it in the Old Testament, but it is also true that few of us discern it without assistance, and that when an author writes in the spirit shown by Mr. Miles or Miss Call, or, years ago, by Mr. Evans, the American pioneer of mental self-treatment, gratitude and not pert accusation should be the reader's emotion. Above all, such a writer should be distinguished from authors pretending to be divinely inspired and demanding extortionate prices for their revelation. Mr. Miles's book is worth close study, worth concentration. E. P. Dutton & Co.

To a mind not too thoroughly permeated with Christian charity, no human being is so permanently interesting as a fool. An equal soon becomes a weariness; in time, one tires of all which one can understand of a superior, but the fool is always new, always unexpected, always unaccountable, a wellspring of pleasure and a joy forever. True, the contemplation of him is not wholesome, for it tends to Pharisaic puffing-up and to unseemly behavior, but it is never dull. Goethe found the fool in motion terrible, but he did not find him without interest, and in Mr. Winston Churchill's "*Mr. Crewe's Career*," the fool is never quiet and the interest never ceases. Mr. Humphrey Crewe, millionaire, well-educated, more than ordinarily well-read, possessed of fair mental powers, was totally unable to put himself in the place of any other man or woman, chiefly because he regarded himself as superior, for one reason or another, to every one in his environment. When he wished to be kind he became patronizing to the verge of insult; when he desired to repel, he slew the self-

respect of those whom he addressed; when he wooed a woman, he felt that he conferred an honor; briefly, he was consistently a fool. Dropped into the very centre of New Hampshire state politics, blind and deaf to every reality about him, he becomes everybody's puppet, ends as everybody's dupe, and retires from the stage into that most ignominious of marriages, that in which the bridegroom's destiny has long been perceived by those who have observed the movements of the bride's mother. He is a most exquisite fool. The lovers of the story are a spirited, high-bred girl, and a man of perfect integrity, he the son of the lawyer who conducts the affairs of the Republican party in the interest of the railroad of which her father is president. Their position is not altogether new in American political fiction, but the detail which sets this book apart from half a hundred others is that the young pair understand that their elders, howsoever erring in policy, are as honest in intention as they themselves. The seniors have worked for the material progress of the State, using all the tools put into their hands, with no doubt as to their righteousness. When the end comes, the four stand truly reconciled, with no ill-feeling among them. A new era has begun in which honesty is possible; the "old order changeth, giving place to new." In the little crowd of supernumeraries, farmers, intelligent rustic women; fashionable women only a shade less foolish than Mr. Crewe himself, and faithful servitors, every individual is fully animated, for no fraction of Mr. Churchill's skill has left him. Also, he has brought out a new type, the reformer who takes his line because he sees that honesty is to be fashionable, and he has awarded him poetic justice. Hamilton Tooting is a personage who will not soon be forgotten. The Macmillan Company.